

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY. By ETHEL TURNER.
SHORT STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

Charlotte Bronte and Haworth.



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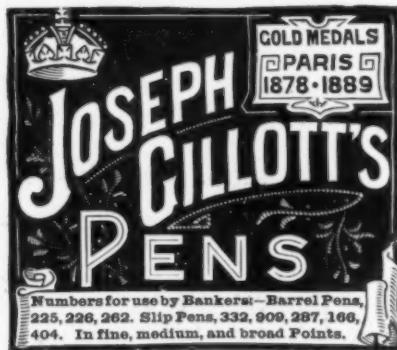
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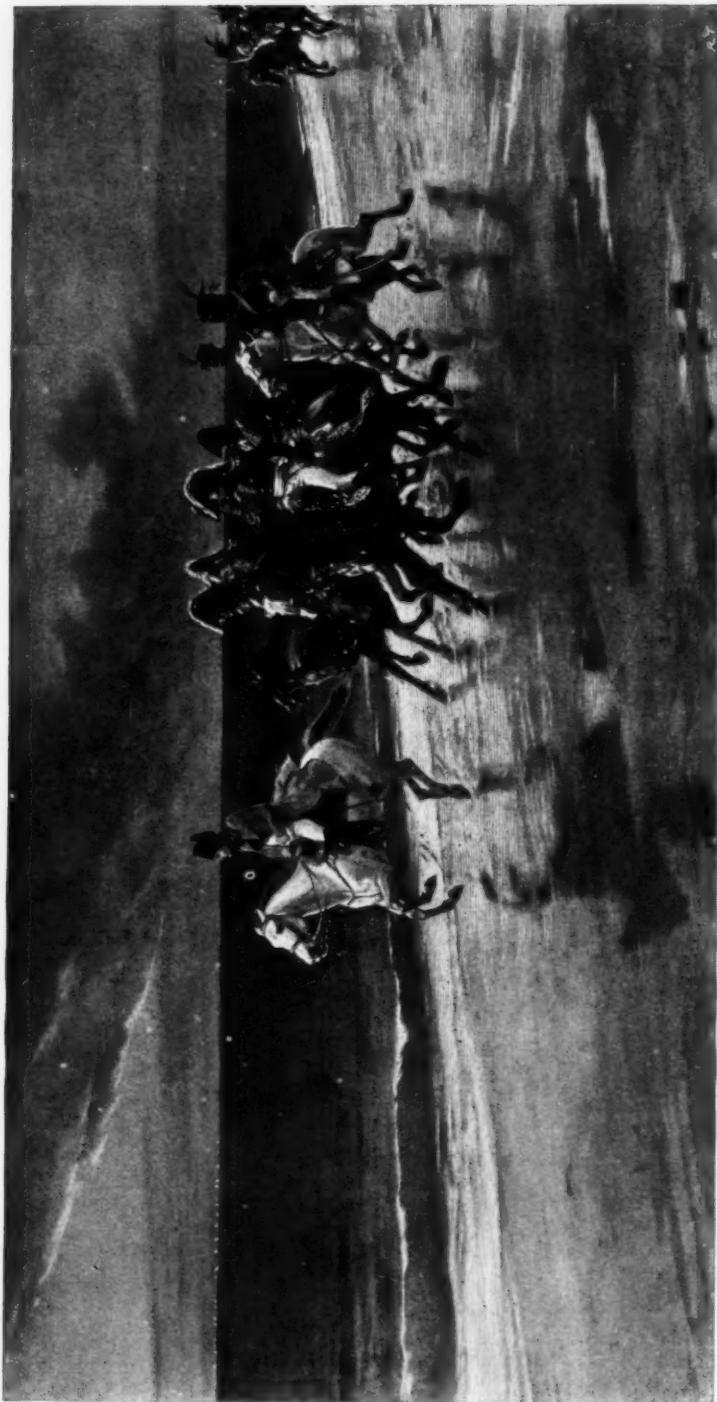
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NAPOLON AT BOULOGNE, 1805

(See page 109)

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. GOW, R.A.

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement. This afternoon, however, she seemed more winsome than ever. He is about to yield to the more generous impulse, and is introducing the subject, when they are unexpectedly interrupted in their walk, and the opportunity passes. Anthony's father, the miller, has seen them together, and he cautions his son against "entangling" himself at this early stage. His motto is that "money is the lever that moves the world."

Anthony, who is twenty-five years old, had already received a "call" from the little country church of Humbleton, offering him a stipend of £140 a year and a manse. He had written accepting it, but before the letter was posted there came a call from the church at Martyr Gate, Workingham. This letter changed everything. It was a call to a larger salary (£500 a year) and a higher plane of social life. Anthony decided in favour of the latter. "The gospel of getting on had left a taint in his blood. He needed the cleansing of a new birth, the inspiration of a larger vision."

It was at this stage in his experience that he had his walk with Phillis Day. The contest in his mind was between love and expediency. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

CHAPTER V.—THE SOLOIST

"So thrilling was the note
That none dared even whisper."

ANTHONY'S first Sunday at Martyr Gate proved to be a red-letter day both for himself and his congregation. He had prepared his sermons with much care, had rehearsed them to himself with unwearied diligence, and when the proper time came he delivered them with great effect. The day was an anxious one for all concerned. The deacons were naturally intensely desirous that in his first public effort he should justify their choice. They listened to the sermon with strained attention, and at the same time cast furtive glances over the congregation so that they might watch the effect of the discourse on the unofficial crowd. When the last rounded period died into silence, and the young minister quietly closed the book, the long tension gave place to a faint sigh of relief, which was instantly drowned in the general movement of the congregation.

In their vestry afterwards the deacons discussed not merely the sermon but the entire service with great animation. The choir and organist had never more worthily distinguished themselves than they had done that morning, while the rendering of

the solo was simply magnificent. As for the sermon it seemed scarcely possible that there could be two opinions concerning it.

"It was undoubtedly a great effort," said Mr. Alderman Butler, the oldest and perhaps the most influential official of the church.

The others had waited for him to give his verdict, and a smile of gratification broke over their faces when he did so. It is true the Alderman's words were in a certain sense non-committal, for an effort may be great, and undoubtedly great, and yet may fail to achieve the object for which it was put forth; and even there again differences might arise. What was the object of the sermon? What end was it intended to secure? For on the answer to that question the question of its success or failure would have to be determined.

The deacons, however, generally speaking, were not in a critical mood, and so they accepted the Alderman's words as unqualified approval, and beamed accordingly.

"If he can only keep up to the high level of this morning," said Mr. Jones, "well, he'll—he'll do."

"There's no reason why he shouldn't keep up," said Mr. Bilstone, an auctioneer in a large way of business.

"It all depends, of course, on what he's

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got in him," Mr. Jones replied. "There'll be no difficulty on the other score. Some folks, you know, have heaps of facts and arguments in 'em, but they can't get 'em out. Now Mr. Weir is not troubled that way."

"If he had been he wouldn't have received a call to Martyr Gate," interposed Mr. Luke, one of the principal drapers in the city.

"In my judgment he's mouth, matter and wisdom, all three on 'em—both together," said Mr. Wherry, the most recent addition to the diaconate.

The others looked at Mr. Wherry with varying expressions of countenance, but did not reply. Mr. Wherry had a deep purse and a liberal hand; but his English was so unconventional at times that it became somewhat disconcerting.

Outside, the congregation journeyed homeward in little groups, and discussed the preacher and his sermon with much freedom. That the general verdict was favourable and even flattering there could be no doubt. The young people especially were pleased. The eloquent periods of the new minister touched their fancy and commanded their admiration.

At night the chapel, large as it was, was crowded in every part. Large numbers came out of sheer curiosity, for the coming of Anthony had been judiciously paragraphed for many weeks. The tongues of the gossips had wagged with the utmost freedom, and speculation had been rife.

The sight of the vast congregation stirred Anthony's Celtic blood, and compelled him to put forth his best endeavour. Moreover, the fine organ, the large and well-trained choir and splendid soloist whose wonderful voice had thrilled him in the morning, and now hushed the listening house into admiring silence—all helped to quicken his pulse and fire his imagination. He preached—so he believed himself—as he had never preached before. He was not boisterous nor vehement. Now and then his voice fell almost to a whisper, but there was an intensity in his manner and utterance which profoundly impressed his audience, and held it as with a spell.

From that evening his position in Workingham was assured. He might not be a prophet or even an evangelist. He had no new message to deliver, nor fiery denunciations to hurl. But he lisped the old shibboleths with so pleasant an accent, and

rehearsed the ancient dogmas of the church in language so chaste and picturesque that criticism was disarmed, and if the mind was not fed the ear was charmed, and that under present conditions is a matter of very considerable importance.

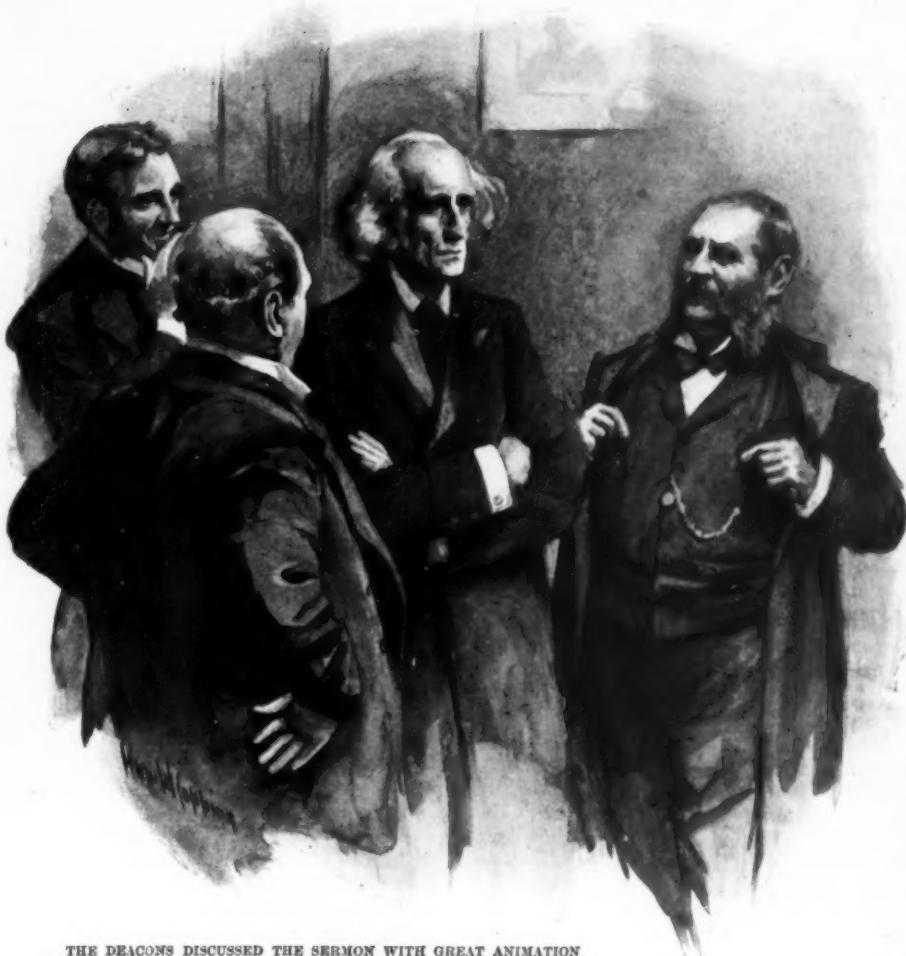
The minister who compels people to think labours under very considerable disadvantage. The average church-goer does not want to be made to think. He wants to be pleased, to be helped, sometimes to be comforted. He tells you that he is compelled to think six days out of seven. That the conditions of business life are such that his brain has to be always on the rack. That he goes to church not for mental effort, but for mental relaxation. He wants to be soothed, quieted, and have a refreshing season.

No man, however, pleases everybody. And there were a few people in Martyr Gate—a small minority who had mostly passed middle life—who said nothing. They did not join in the general chorus of praise, neither did they blame. They waited, hoping for a note which was not struck, for a message which did not come.

They did not question the ability of the young preacher, they did not deny his eloquence, his sermons were carefully thought out and carefully delivered; and yet in their hearts they said of the preacher, "One thing thou lackest." There seemed to them no note of conviction in anything he said. He was earnest; but not with the passion of a man whose soul was stirred by deep and solemn conviction. There was reverence from the beginning to the end of the service, but there seemed no suggestion of responsibility. His sermons in the main were rhetorical triumphs, and as such they produced their effect and they brought their reward.

For a week or two Anthony was the guest of Mr. Bilstone the auctioneer. To get suitable apartments was not easy. Moreover, Mr. Bilstone and his family were so unaffectedly hospitable, and so sincerely anxious that he should not get into unsuitable lodgings, that he remained very much longer than he would under other conditions. Mr. Bilstone was a breezy good-hearted man of a distinctly commercial type. His honest conviction was, that if a church was to be successful it must be run on precisely the same lines as you would run a business. The congregation were the shareholders, the deacons

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THE DEACONS DISCUSSED THE SERMON WITH GREAT ANIMATION

the directors, and the minister the general manager, and every one should do his best to make the thing a success. Success meant popular preaching, full pews, and a large income. Anything beyond that did not come within the compass of his purview.

At the close of the first day's services Mr. Bilstone was delighted, and he told Anthony so.

"I'm not one of those," he said, "who believe that a word of praise is going to do a preacher harm. If folks are deserving of praise, then praise 'em, that's my doctrine, and I try to live up to it."

"It's kind of you to speak in such flattering terms of my sermons," Anthony said diffidently.

"No, it is not kind at all, it's simple justice. You don't say it's kind of a man when he pays his butcher's bill. He's had his money's worth, and so have I, and more."

"I quite agree with you that a word of praise is very helpful sometimes. Most public men get a good deal of the other thing."

"That's because they go in for fads and fancies of their own. Some men are always leading forlorn hopes as they call it, and so they get more kicks than pence, and serve 'em right too. If a hope's forlorn what's the use of leading it. Let it alone and turn your attention to something else that has some chance of success in it. That's my

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doctrine, and, as I said before, I try to live up to it."

"Then you are not an idealist," Anthony said, with a laugh.

"Idealist? Well, no. I reckon I'm not. I'm a practical man. You can't put up ideals by auction and knock 'em down to the highest bidder, can you? And why not? Just because there's no value in them. Common-sense folks don't want dreams and fancies, they want hard facts. Your idealist is never worth his salt. He's always up a tree; hungry and out at elbows. The world, I say, is better without such people. That's my doctrine, Mr. Weir, and I try to live up to it."

"I should not like to go quite as far as you do, Mr. Bilstone," Anthony said uneasily; "still there is, no doubt, a good deal in what you say."

"Oh, I don't pretend there aren't exceptions to every rule," the auctioneer answered, with a smile. "But believe me, generally speaking, public men don't get abused by the public so long as they keep along the lines of ordinary common-sense. It's when they go away after cranks of their own that the trouble begins. For instance, there's an auctioneer in this city who's so far up a tree that he refused the other day to undertake the valuation and sale of a public-house. I admit it wasn't a very high class show, but what's an auctioneer to do with that? When they came to me I didn't hesitate two seconds. 'Of course,' I said, and I was on the job like a shot. I'd put up his Satanic Majesty himself by auction if I had the chance. That's my doctrine, Mr. Weir, and as I may have remarked before, I live up to it."

"Of course in business a man has generally only himself to consider," Anthony said after a pause. "But a professional man—a minister, for instance—is placed in a very different position, he has so many interests to serve, so many people to consider—shall I say?"

"Exactly, Mr. Weir. And all the more reason he should not play any pranks. Let him keep along the old way and preach a plain gospel to plain folk in an attractive way, and nobody will fall foul of him. But directly he gets sky-flying with new-fangled notions of his own, and setting up a conscience that is superior to that of other folk, and objecting to this, that, and the other thing, depend upon it there'll be ructions. What's wanted in every business and in

every profession is common-sense. In this nineteenth century it's not dreamers and idealists who are wanted, but practical men. Practical men in business, practical men in politics, practical men in religion. That's my opinion, Mr. Weir, and I try to live up to it."

Anthony felt that there was a very complete answer to the auctioneer's philosophy of life, but he was not in the mood just then for argument. He was only just beginning to feel his way. He did not know twenty members of his flock yet, and so would have to walk with great circumspection. He was nothing if not diplomatic. Caution he regarded as one of his most distinguishing traits. So he dropped the question of idealism and broached another topic. He was anxious to make use of the auctioneer while he had the opportunity. Mr. Bilstone appeared to know everybody and everybody's business, and if he could lead him on to talk about the various members of the diaconate and the principal people in the congregation, it might prove of considerable advantage.

Anthony felt considerably interested in the owner of the wonderful contralto voice that had so charmed the congregation both morning and evening. He thought he had never heard a voice more full of music. But the choir was so situated at the back of the preacher that he had tried in vain to get a look at the singer's face.

"Don't you think the singing was remarkably good to-day, Mr. Bilstone?" he questioned after a pause.

"I should say it was excellent;" and the auctioneer smiled broadly. "Not that I pretend to be a judge of music or singing, but like a great many other folk I know what I like. But those who set themselves up as judges say that our choir is the best in Workingham, and that our organ can't be beaten in the county."

"It struck me as being a very fine instrument."

"It ought to be, it cost money enough, though I question if anybody knows what it cost except Mr. Wembly and the builders."

"Indeed?"

"Well, you see, Wembly has just one craze, and that's music. And of all instruments, he dotes on an organ. If his house had been big enough he would have erected the thing in his hall or drawing-room, but as he hadn't room he offered

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to put it in our chapel and play it for nothing."

"Then it's Mr. Wembly's organ?"

"Well, no, he's made a present of it to the trustees. You see, he's immensely rich. There's nothing like whisky for making money in these days. Rum and gin ain't in it. Whisky's the favourite drink. And Wembly is fairly in the swim."

"Oh, I see."

"Not that Wembly takes much interest in the business. You see, it was made by his father, and when the old man died about five years ago, young Wembly, figuratively speaking, stepped into a gold mine."

"It was generous of him to present the organ," Anthony said abstractedly.

"Well, yes, no doubt it was—in a sense."

"What do you mean by 'in a sense,' Mr. Bilstone?"

"Well, Mr. Weir, you will have discovered by the time you reach my age that no man ever does anything for nothing. It ain't in human nature in the first place, and it ain't according to common-sense in the second."

"You mean by that, that Mr. Wembly had a motive?"

"Of course he had a motive. Everybody has. Wembly hasn't any religion, though he occasionally professes to have a bit, but that's all put on for a purpose. But Wembly is fond of music, there's no denying that, and music's been his salvation, if I may say so. It holds him to the chapel, and has kept him out of a lot of company that wouldn't have done him any good. You see, being a chapel-goer he has to live up to it, as it were."

"Yes, I see."

"Of course there are reasons why he offered to put up the organ in Martyr Gate Chapel rather than anywhere else. To begin with, there was plenty of room, in the second place there was a good choir, and in the third place there was a singer there—"

"You mean the lady who took the solos this morning and evening?"

"Exactly. There's not another voice like hers in the county."

"She would make her fortune as a public singer," Anthony suggested.

"No doubt; no doubt. But, you see, she doesn't need it. She's fortune enough already."

"What is her name?" Anthony asked after several moments of silence.

"Butler. Adela Butler. She's a niece of Alderman Butler, our senior deacon, and lives with him. Her parents are both dead, and as the Alderman has no children of his own he adopted his niece."

"She's certainly a very beautiful singer," Anthony said absently.

"She's rather a fine girl altogether," the auctioneer went on, "and when you take into account her voice and her fortune, one is not in the least surprised that Wembly's gone on her."

"Ah, I see. You think that the principal motive that lay at the back of Mr. Wembly's generosity was Miss Butler?"

"Not a doubt of it. Mind you, I don't think her fortune attracted him in the least. No, no. Give the devil his due, that's my doctrine, Mr. Weir, and I try to live up to it. Not that I mean that Wembly is a devil, or anything approaching it; neither is he a saint, and I don't think all your preaching will make him one. No, Wembly has a lot of human nature in him, and not the best sort of human nature either. But he's fond of music and he's fond of the girl, and in my opinion he'll win her in the long run."

"Then they are not engaged?"

"Well, not yet. The girl's ambitious, not for money, or the society of swell folk. Oh, I've had many a chat with her. She comes up here to see us sometimes, and I think I can read her very well. She wants position. She would like a man who is a somebody in the country. You understand. A man that's made a bit of a name for himself. If he hadn't a cent to bless himself with I don't think that would make a bit of difference. Some author chap whose name was always getting into the papers would be her ticket, or failing that, a member of Parliament."

Anthony laughed. The auctioneer's characterisation and classification amused him. He did not, however, press the conversation further just then. He was tired, and anxious to get to bed. He had heard at one sitting about as much as he could digest. He was interested too. Intensely so. The wonderful voice of the soloist rang in his ears still. The echoes of it seemed to make the night vocal. He could think of nothing else. For the moment even Phyllis Day was forgotten.

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CHAPTER VI.—MAKING CALLS

"To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."

ANTHONY paid an early visit to his senior deacon. In reality, however, he was much more anxious to see Miss Adela Butler than he was to see the Alderman. Mrs. Butler was at home, and received him very graciously. She was a merry little body, rather stout, with a round pleasant face, quite free from wrinkles, and perfectly white hair, which lay in little curls all over her head.

The house was fairly large, comfortably furnished in a somewhat old-fashioned way, but quite free from any evidence of wealth—Mr. Butler might be merely a well-to-do grocer for any sign to the contrary his house contained.

Anthony had looked for something very different, and was in consequence somewhat disappointed. He was disappointed also that Miss Butler did not show herself. He did not like to inquire after her particularly, though there appeared to be no earthly reason why he should not do so, and so he kept constantly glancing toward the door, hoping that she would put in an appearance, and listening in an indifferent way to Mrs. Butler's cheerful prattle.

Mrs. Butler ordered afternoon tea, and discussed chapel with great energy and animation. She was quite devoted to Martyr Gate. She had been in at all its teas, and talks, and mothers' meetings, and bazaars, for thirty years, and she was once heard to declare that if there were no bazaars in heaven to work for, she was quite certain she would never be able to put her time away.

"And such a long time, too," she said. "Think of it. Thirty years seem a long time, but when there's to be no end to it, I'm afraid it will get awfully stale."

Mrs. Luke, to whom this remark was made, felt quite shocked, and declared to her husband later in the day, that while the Alderman's wife was a dear little soul, she really had no reverence, and she was afraid no imagination.

Mrs. Butler seemed very anxious that Anthony should feel quite at home at Martyr Gate.

"I do hope you will like us, Mr. Weir," she said with a merry little laugh. "Do you think you will?"

The question just then in Anthony's mind was whether they would like him; but he answered readily enough, "I am sure I shall, Mrs. Butler."

"I really don't think we are a bad sort of people to get on with," she ran on in the same merry, light-hearted way. "Of course we like our own way, but that is nothing new, is it? Everybody does that; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it seems to be a very general weakness."

"Oh, I don't think it is a weakness at all, not if people are sensible and know what is good for them. Dear old Dr. Pate used to say we were excellent people to get on with."

"I should quite expect him to say that."

"He said it constantly, Mr. Weir. You see, he never interfered with us. He said our hearts would lead us right in the end, and so he let us do just what we liked, that was a great virtue of the Doctor's."

"He appears to have been very amiable," Anthony said reflectively.

"He was a perfect saint, and wonderfully clever. Not that I understand anything about sermons, Mr. Weir. I may as well tell you that at the outset, and not give you all the labour of finding it out for yourself," and the little woman laughed in great good-humour with herself.

"I am sure you do yourself an injustice," Anthony answered quite seriously.

"Oh no, I don't, not a bit. John often laughs at me. Now he does understand a sermon. But there's one thing I am great at, Mr. Weir, and that's bazaars. We've always one on at Martyr Gate. I don't think Dr. Pate cared for bazaars, but he never interfered, and we never interfered with him. That's a capital way of getting on together; don't you think so, Mr. Weir?"

"When it can be conscientiously carried out it seems to answer very well," Anthony answered dubiously.

"That's just my view," the little lady said laughingly. "People of course who are not conscientious disagree with each other frightfully; don't you think so, Mr. Weir?"

"Such people have no doubt their disagreements," he said diplomatically; and then, much to his relief, the door opened, and the Alderman came into the room.

He was the exact opposite of his wife in nearly everything. Tall, grave, thoughtful,

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with prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and a mass of shaggy, iron-grey hair, which gave to him at times almost a fierce appearance, especially at a little distance. But those who were near could not fail to notice a kindly and pleasant smile, that twinkled constantly in his deep-set eyes, and played round the corners of his mouth.

He welcomed Anthony as he welcomed every one else, gravely and without ostentation, and unlike his wife, he did not plunge into talk about Martyr Gate. He expressed no desire that the young minister should please or be pleased, and did not refer, even in the remotest way, to the services of the previous Sunday.

Anthony made an attempt to make the choir the topic of conversation. Not that he was particularly interested in the choir as a whole, but he was curious to see the soloist, or at least to hear something about her, but for some reason or other the conversation drifted almost in a moment in quite another direction; and when at length he rose to leave, he had neither seen Miss Butler nor heard her name mentioned.

Anthony's next call was at the house of Mr. Luke, a much more imposing residence than that of the Alderman's, and much more elaborately furnished. He felt almost overawed when he was shown into the drawing-room. It was the most gorgeous apartment he had yet seen.

Mrs. Luke was expecting him, and received him with stately grace. She was a large woman, with high cheek-bones and pale eyes.

"My husband will be in directly, Mr. Weir; pray be seated," and she motioned him to a chair.

Anthony obeyed instinctively. It would require no ordinary amount of courage to disobey Mrs. Luke.

"I presume you are trying to get to know your flock?" Mrs. Luke questioned in a hard voice.

"I am really calling on the deacons first," Anthony said colouring. "I fear a considerable time will have to lapse before I can get to know the congregation."

"And yet, after all, it is the congregation that most needs attention. We—I mean the deacons and their families—are not likely to go astray. We are always to be relied on, if I may so say. But the rank and file are so different; they seem so lacking in loyalty and devotion, so ready to follow the newest craze, and run after the latest

sensation. I sometimes wonder what the world is coming to. I really believe one half the people in Workingham never enter a place of worship from one year's end to the other; and a half of the other half, like the Athenians of old, are always wanting to hear some new thing. I hope you don't favour those new-fangled theories, Mr. Weir?"

"I am not quite certain what you mean by new-fangled theories," Anthony said uneasily.

"Oh, I mean all these fanciful interpretations of the Bible that we hear so much about now-a-days. I take the Bible as it stands, Mr. Weir, word for word. Literally, if you understand me."

"I think I understand you, Mrs. Luke."

"That is right. I'm glad you agree with me. There is so much looseness in these days, so much preaching that is vague and meaningless. The gospel trumpet should give forth no uncertain sound. But here come my daughters, Miss Luke, Miss Jessie, and Rachel."

Anthony did not merely bow, he shook hands with each, repeating to himself as he did so, "Miss Luke, Miss Jessie, and Rachel. Why 'Rachel' without the prefix?"

Rachel was the youngest, and—it was foolish perhaps to jump to hasty conclusions—but he could not help thinking, she was the only one worth looking at.

Miss Luke and Miss Jessie were like their mother, tall, big, and aggressive. They were young women with "views," and they were prepared to state them and defend them at the shortest possible notice.

Rachel was little—at least she looked so by contrast—was almost shy in manner, and had the sweetest eyes in the world. Anthony made an attempt to get into conversation with her, but the others were on his track in a moment. They evidently considered Rachel a nobody, and not worth talking to.

"We were tremendously interested in your sermon on Sunday night, Mr. Weir," said Miss Luke in a voice as hard as her mother's.

"Yes, tremendously," broke in Miss Jessie. "But we were not quite clear as to the distinction you drew between endless life and eternal life——"

"Not at all clear," echoed Miss Jessie.

"Mother said it was a distinction without a difference," went on Miss Luke; "but

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Jessie and I both disagreed with mother, as we frequently do."

"Yes; we are constantly disagreeing with mother," interposed Jessie, with a laugh.
"Shocking, isn't it?"

"But while we quite concede there is a difference as well as a distinction," persisted Miss Luke, "the nature of that difference as it exists in your own mind, Mr. Weir—"

Anthony had edged himself to the brink of his chair, and was beginning to feel intensely uncomfortable, when the door was pushed open, and Mr. Luke came into the room.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Weir," he said, beaming, "and thrice welcome under my humble roof."

Mr. Luke was a tall man with side-whiskers, and a smile that had become chronic. He had built up the largest drapery business in the city, and had done it, it was said, mainly by his affability and politeness.

Anthony remained to what was called "high tea," and sat between Miss Luke and Miss Jessie. Rachel, with her soft eyes and gentle manner, sat opposite, but no one appeared to notice her. Mr. Luke sat by her side, but he addressed all his conversation across the table.

Anthony could not help watching Rachel.

"How has this shy robin got into this nest of starlings?" he questioned to himself, but he could discover no answer to his mental query.

It was Anthony's intention on leaving Mr. Luke's to call on Mr. Jones, another of his deacons, who lived in quite another part of the city. His way lay along Martyr Gate, and, on passing the chapel, he noticed that one of the doors was open.

For a moment he paused, then turned aside and entered the porch. Mr. Wembly was evidently practising on his organ, the deep notes of which fell distinctly on his ear.

"I think I had better go and introduce myself," he reflected; "the sooner I know my organist the better," and he pushed open an inner door and entered the chapel.

The organist was almost hidden by a screen, and Anthony stole into a pew until the piece was ended.

For awhile he sat with closed eyes listening to the glorious cataract of sounds which flooded the whole place, and steeped every sense in a strange delight.

The music ceased at length, and Anthony

opened his eyes and half rose from his seat, then he sat down again suddenly. In leaning sideways to reach some music, Anthony saw that the player was a woman, and a young woman, and judging by the glimpse he got of her profile a very handsome woman.

This was interesting, and he prepared himself to listen again. He was fond of music, passionately fond, he himself believed, but that was an exaggeration. His ear was not sufficiently trained to appreciate the subtler beauties and delights of musical composition.

"Ah! those reeds are fine," he said to himself, closing his eyes a second time. He forgot the player for several minutes, but a pause brought him back. "I wonder who she is," he went on; "she plays well, very well. I must get to know her. I would like to introduce myself now, but she might regard it as an intrusion—perhaps an impertinence. No, I will wait. I shall have plenty of opportunity of knowing her. I wish I could get an opportunity of seeing her without being seen."

That appeared to be an impossibility. She was completely hidden behind the screen, and for the present, at any rate, all the music she required seemed to be within easy reach.

Anthony was on the point of stealing out of the chapel again when the door of the choir vestry was opened, and a young man of about twenty-eight or thirty came out in front of the organ. Instantly the music ceased.

"I thought you were in London, Mr. Wembly," a low voice spoke from behind the screen.

"I came down by the noon train. I am glad I caught you here, for I want you to try over that new solo."

"I really do not think I can sing to-day. I have been at the organ so long that I feel quite tired."

"As you will," was the deferential reply. "I will not press the matter; but we ought to have a practice before Sunday."

Mr. Wembly was standing with his hand on the screen, and his back toward Anthony.

"This is my opportunity to get out without being seen," the latter said to himself, and he stole noiselessly out of the pew and into the porch. The red baize-door swung without a sound; but it did not close within half-an-inch.

The young minister put on his hat and

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stood still, with his eyes bent upon the ground.

"So Miss Butler adds organ-playing to her other accomplishments," he reflected. "I must get her to allow me to come to hear her play sometimes."

After a few moments the deep notes of the organ began to peal forth again.

Anthony went close up to the baize-door and looked through the chink. Miss Butler had come to the side of the screen, and was standing with a piece of music in her hands.

"What a beautiful woman!" was Anthony's first exclamation.

Then every other feeling was swallowed up in admiration of her glorious voice. Through the empty building it rang like a silver trumpet. Anthony held his breath for several moments, then gave vent to a long-drawn sigh.

He waited until the solo was ended, then he turned away and went out into the street.

"Such a woman as that will be worth knowing," he said to himself as he walked along the quiet street.

"Yes, perhaps, on the whole, I did well in not tying myself to Phillis until I have discovered all the

possibilities of Martyr Gate. Ministers often make great mistakes in engaging themselves too early."



ANTHONY SAW THAT THE PLAYER WAS A WOMAN

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From which remark it will be seen that self was still strong in Anthony Weir, and that policy was still his guiding star.

During the few days he had been in Workingham he had heard from more than one source that Miss Butler was an heiress in her own right, and an heiress on a somewhat considerable scale. Reports were by no means agreed as to the exact amount of her wealth. Some credited her with a sure and steady income of ten thousand a year. Others said that two thousand a year was the outside limit of her fortune; but even that figure was in Anthony's eyes almost colossal.

But not only was she rich, she was beautiful and she was accomplished. Such a trio of virtues did not often meet in the same individual.

"I wonder if—" but by this time he had got into one of the most crowded thoroughfares, and quiet meditation was out of the question.

CHAPTER VII.—FATHER AND SON

"Life outweighs all things
If love lies within it."

ANTHONY commenced his ministry on the first Sunday in July. A month later he wrote this letter to his father—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—At last I have got fairly settled in my new home. I was exceedingly comfortable while the guest of Mr. Bilstone, who is an excellent fellow in his way—bluff, hearty, and thoroughly genuine. I am sure you would like him. A shrewd business man, who never misses an opportunity and never gives one to an opponent. In church matters he is just as straight and clear-headed as in business affairs, avoiding all cant and sentiment, which of course I heartily approve. Mrs. Bilstone is a good little soul who echoes her husband in everything, and is the very soul of generosity. I believe they would have kept me for a year if I would have stayed, and if I had no sermons to make it would have been just delightful. But one cannot work with any degree of satisfaction in other people's houses.

"Well, at last I have got rooms of my own. I have to pay a pound a week for them, which you will think an outrageous price, I know. It made me gasp at first, for I could not help thinking how at home many

a man has not only to pay rent, but to bring up a family on fifteen shillings a week.

"But there was no help for it, and really it is very little when I think of the salary I'm getting. Besides, as the minister of the most important Nonconformist Church in the town I am bound to consider appearances. Still, I think I shall be able to live well within two hundred a year, the other three I shall save. I know you will commend me in this, and say to yourself that I'm a lucky dog, and that you never had such a chance when you were young. Well, I can assure you I bless my good fortune nearly every day. It seems almost incredible sometimes that I, who only a few years ago was an obscure youth in a little out-of-the-way corner of the world like Sanlogan, should now be one of the most talked-of men in this big city.

"Well, I commenced by telling you that I had at last got settled in my new diggings. It is very pleasant to have all my books round me once more, and to feel that I am absolutely safe from intrusion whenever I want to be alone. But we are a curious household. I have the two front rooms—the best in the house. The back parlour, a little dark box of a place, is occupied by a curate—an Oxford man, by the bye, who starves himself on a pound a week, and gives away the rest. I believe he has a hundred a year as a salary, but he would think it a sin to spend it all on himself. He appears to regard me as a heathen man and a publican, and had the cheek to hint to me the other day that if he had my salary, he would be able to do a lot of good in the city. I confess I pity him. He means well, of course, but he belongs to the tribe of fanatics who are always straining after impossible ideals, and glorifying the impracticable.

"Our landlady is a devoted Roman Catholic who pities us both; but who pays me the larger amount of deference, because she makes the most out of me. I should never think of course of discussing religious or ecclesiastical matters with her, though she is a very respectable and well-informed woman, with a delightful Irish accent. Her husband was a journalist, a clear-headed hard-working fellow, I am told, who died about two years ago, and left her with one child, a lad of about ten years of age. She is anxious, if possible, to give the boy a good education, but it must be a hard struggle for her.

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"The other member of our household—not to mention the cat—is Betsy, the maid of all work, and a perfet gem in her way. Betsy, I am sorry to say, is a rank and hardened unbeliever. She told me the other day, while laying the cloth for my tea, that she had seen all sorts of religion in her time, and that there was not a pin to choose between 'em. That every one of 'em made people cross and irritable, and uncharitable towards their neighbours, and that the best man she ever knew in her life was her uncle Sam, and he had no religion at all. As in duty bound, I began to remonstrate with her. She listened very attentively till I'd done. Then she stood up, and, looking me straight in the face, she burst out laughing. At length she said, 'Be you paid for talking stuff of that kind to me, Mr. Weir?'

"I told her of course that I was not.

"Then keep it for chapel," she said, and with a toss of her head she went out of the room.

"From this brief account you will see that we are a mixed community, but I think we shall be very comfortable notwithstanding. Mr. Colvin, the curate, in spite of his passion for martyrdom, is a very agreeable fellow on the whole; while we avoid polities and religion—but particularly religion—we get along very well together.

"Just at present church affairs are very quiet. My best people are all away on their holidays. Next year, all being well, I shall take my holiday at the same time. But this year I'm bound to stick to my last and endure the dog-days, and the absence of everybody who is anybody, with the best grace possible. Fresh pews, however, are being let in spite of the fact that everybody is away, and that of course means so much more to the good. Mr. Bilstone told me the other day, that he sees no reason at all why my salary should not run up to eight hundred next year or even more than that.

"I hope you are all well. Give my love to Stephen, also to his wife and the babies. Dear old Stephen, how contented he seems to be with his lot. It is a good thing for you he took to the milling, and that he does not pine for anything different. If it had been my lot to stay at home, I fear I should have made anything but a jolly miller. Heaps of love to mother and yourself,

"Your affectionate son,
"ANTHONY."

Gregory Weir read his son's letter and chuckled. The allusion to the eight hundred a year he read several times over. For a young man to be in prospect of such a salary seemed positive wealth.

In Sanlogan he had been regarded as a successful man, and, judged by the standard of his neighbours, it was, no doubt, a true description. But how small his margin of profits had been after all, and how difficult it had been year by year to invest a clear hundred pounds. By dint of much economy he had succeeded in doing it, it is true. During the last twenty years he had invested two thousand five hundred pounds—a considerable fortune from the Sanlogan standpoint. But if Anthony only remained a bachelor, he would save that amount by the time he was thirty.

"It's wonderful," Gregory said to himself, "wonderful. That boy is bound to get on if he only minds his p's and q's."

When he had done with the letter he threw it across the table to his wife. Mrs. Weir read it eagerly, even anxiously, and then laid it down with a little sigh.

"Well, mother, what's the matter?" Gregory asked in his sharp abrupt way.

"I don't know that anything is the matter," she answered absently, and she sighed again.

"Then what the dickens are you sighing about?" he questioned in the same blunt manner.

"Was I sighing? I did not know."

"Of course you were sighing. One would think you weren't pleased with the letter from the boy."

"Oh, Gregory, you know I am always pleased to hear from him."

"And yet you always look disappointed when his letters come. You don't seem to realise what a success he is. Did you notice what he said about the salary?"

"Yes, I noticed it. I hope he won't think too much about the salary."

"Don't you go troubling your head on that point, Anthony knows what he is about. You surely wouldn't have him act like that milksop of a curate and give away nearly all he gets and starve himself on the remainder?"

"No, I wouldn't have him starve himself," she answered slowly. "I don't think we are called upon to do that. Neither do I think that what you call 'getting on' should be the first consideration of life."

"Tut, tut. If life itself isn't to be life's

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first consideration, then I don't know what you would put in its place."

"Yes; but what is life, Gregory? Is life merely eating and drinking and enjoying yourself and saving money? Isn't life a great deal more than that?"

"If 'tis, mother, I haven't found it out yet," he said with a laugh, and he rose from the table and went out.

Mrs. Weir took up her son's letter and read it again—read it in the hope that she would find something in it that was not there. She was thankful beyond expression that her son Anthony was a minister of the gospel, but she was still waiting for something that had not come. She did not doubt his sincerity for a moment, but she sometimes wondered if he realised what his call "to be an apostle" meant. Hitherto there had been no distinct note of conviction or of consecration in anything that he had said or written to her. He was anxious to do his best and win his way in his profession just as he would if he were a doctor or a lawyer, and from a mere professional point of view he had made a splendid start. The position he had won as a young man was something no doubt to be proud of. But was the ministry merely a profession, and was success to be measured by the same rule that was applied to the rest of the world? Was being called to be an apostle no more than being called to be a farmer or a soldier—a mere chance in the wheel of life, or at most a matter of temperament?

It was this that troubled the mother-heart of Mrs. Weir; and yet she could not talk about it, and if she did she knew she would not be able to make herself understood. She had tried once and her husband had laughed at her, called it flabby sentimentalism, and urged her to look at everything in the light of common-sense, as he did.

There was one other matter that was a source of regret to Mrs. Weir. She had hoped that Anthony and Phillis would have "made it up," before he went away. It was almost agony to think ill of her son, and yet, try as she would, she could not persuade herself that Anthony was blameless in his treatment of Phillis. He had made much of her. And if the girl believed that he meant something more than friendship, there could be no denying that she had good reason for such belief. Yet Anthony had gone away without declaring himself,

and though he had been away a full month he had never written to her.

Good Mrs. Weir longed to take the girl to her heart and comfort her, for she saw that there was a look of pain in her eyes; and she feared that she might be pining for the love that had been withheld from her.

Gregory Weir was anxious that his son Anthony should marry some one with a fortune. It would be simple madness in his judgment for Anthony to throw himself away on a girl who had nothing. Ministers had such excellent chances; they were thrown into the best society, besides which, for some unaccountable reason girls always liked a parson or a soldier—a red-coat for preference; but a black-coat if the soldier was not forthcoming. Anthony's position therefore was exceptional, and he would be a fool if he did not make the best of it.

So on this point Gregory and his wife disagreed fundamentally.

Two days after Anthony left home, Mrs. Weir expressed her regret to her husband that he and Phillis had not "made it up," and neither of them had alluded to the matter since. Gregory got angrier than he had been for months.

"I did think, mother, you had some grain of common-sense," he said, with flashing eyes. "Anthony marry Phillis Day!" And he gave a snort that might have been heard out in the garden.

"And why not?" Mrs. Weir asked meekly.

"Why not! Because if he is careful he can do so much better."

"I don't agree with you, Gregory," she answered with spirit. "I don't believe if he were to search England through he could find a sweeter girl, or one that would be more suitable in every way. Phillis is a girl in a thousand—refined, domesticated, and as dainty as a sprig of apple-blossom."

"And as poor as a church mouse," he snapped.

"She may be, but if so she is none the worse for that."

"But I say she is. Anthony is going to make his mark in the world, and he will have to live up to it."

"Well, Phillis will have all that her father leaves."

"Which will be nothing."

"How do you know that?"

"I have been making inquiries; and I have every reason to believe that Captain

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Dick invested his all in an annuity, which will die with him."

"If that is so," was the steady unflinching answer, "then I regret all the more that Anthony and Phillis did not make it up."

"Then I say you are a fool." And Gregory strode angrily out of the room.

So Mrs. Weir had realised only part of her desire. Anthony was a minister—but but— There was still something lacking, and she was even more apprehensive about the future. If this worldly spirit still dominated him, he might, for the sake of position, marry some proud and fashionable dame whom he would be ashamed to bring to his humble home; and so in time she might lose him; lose him as completely as if he were in his grave.

She had hoped that Phillis would be the uniting link; that loving her, his heart would always turn to the old spot, and that when they were married they would come home together, and bring their children, as the years went by, to play in the very places where they played as boy and girl. It had been a pleasant dream of hers, but she was beginning to fear that it would never be realised.

Gregory was concerned lest his wife should forestall him and fill Anthony's mind with what he called her sentimental notions, so he resolved to reply to Anthony's letter with the least possible delay. This is what he wrote:—

"MY DEAR ANTHONY,

"Your letter was a great pleasure both to your mother and me, but to me specially. Between ourselves, your mother would like a little more sentiment in your letters, and you might humour her in that. You know what women are like. I suppose it isn't in their nature to be practical. Mother would like to run a church on faith, and feed the minister on manna and locusts and wild honey, and all that kind of thing. You know the sentiment they indulge in, and so you might drop a lump of it into your letters now and then, it would please your mother and not do you any harm. Don't for the world give a hint that I mentioned it.

"I was greatly tickled with your description of the curate. It is a sad thing, Anthony, to be lacking in common-sense. Of course if he likes to starve himself that's his look-out, but it's a pity all the same

that he has not somebody to look after him. If I had a son like that I should be inclined to kick him.

"You are quite right respecting my view of things. Save all you can while you have the chance. And you have the chance, my boy. I wish I had had such a chance when I was young. If I were in your place I should remain a bachelor for three or four years, unless in the meanwhile you saw the chance of marrying a fortune, and, from all I can learn, nobody has a better chance of that than a young minister.

"I suppose you haven't had time yet to measure up the possibilities of Workingham in that respect. Well, take my advice and don't be in a hurry.

"We're all about as usual home here. Stephen, as usual, is up to his eyes in Sunday School work. He's a good deal of his mother in him, has Stephen! I think sometimes he's happiest when sacrificing himself for others, especially when the others happen to be that little doll of a wife of his and the babies. I never saw a man make such a fuss of his wife and children as he does. But he'll never make anything out in the world if he lives to be as old as Methuselah.

"Mind you, I'm not finding fault with him. He sticks to the mill like glue, and never grumbles; but I do all the buying and selling myself. Stephen isn't a bit keen.

"Now, my son, good-bye for the present. Always keep your eye on the main chance, and believe me,

"Your very affectionate father,

"G. W."

Anthony read the letter through twice, then sat for some time with knitted brows staring into the street.

"He doesn't say a word about Phillis," he reflected. "I wonder if she cares. Very likely she doesn't. Girls can hold their affections in check, they say, until they are asked. If I had asked Phillis, I believe she would have cared. I wonder if I have done wisely," and he withdrew his eyes from the street and sighed.

Then he picked up the letter and read parts of it again.

"Yes, father is right on the whole," he said to himself; "but, of course, there must be something to be said on the other side. I don't agree with Colvin, anyhow, though he puts his case remarkably well. I'm

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afraid I've done the curate an injustice in what I said. Mother would like him, I am sure, though father would be inclined to kick him. I suppose it's all a matter of temperament. There's Stephen——"

And in a moment the room vanished, and in its place was the old mill with its splashing wheel, and the drowsy hum of its whirling stones within. And beyond the mill, the mere with its shining water and wooded banks stretching away into a purple haze. And just across the valley was Beaver Bank, nestling so cosily among the trees, and in the garden a maiden wandered among the flowers, the sweetest flower of all, and over all was the flooding sunshine, and around all were the green encircling hills, and in all and through all was the sweet brooding peace that is only felt in the quiet country "far from the madding crowd."

Anthony gave a long sigh at length, then resolutely turned to his books.

CHAPTER VIII.—LIVE AND LEARN

"It takes a great deal of living to get a little deal of learning."

ANTHONY did nothing to strengthen his position during the second month of his residence in Workingham. But that was entirely his own fault. All his "best" people were away, and those who remained at home - poor folk in the main who could not afford a holiday—he imagined were scarcely worth considering. His best sermons would be wasted on people who occupied the free seats, or on casuals who sat in the best pews on sufferance. Almost any kind of sermons would do for them,—amateur efforts that he threw off in his early college days.

The congregation was quick to note the change and quick to comment on it. Intelligence is not confined to the West End. In his visits to the more humble members of his flock, Anthony fell on a shoemaker—a most regular attender on the services at Martyr Gate.

Timothy Jonas, or little Tim as he was generally called, received the minister in his workshop, and offered no apologies for so doing. He was a diminutive man, with a high forehead and somewhat uncertain complexion.

For the first few minutes Anthony was somewhat disposed to talk down to his audience. How should an obscure shoe-

maker know anything of the higher philosophies that vex the brains of men?

Little Tim showed no sign of resentment, but he did not appear to be greatly impressed. Anthony condescended still further; but there was no answering light in Timothy's eye.

Anthony rose to go, and then Tim looked up from his work.

"I presume you are taking holiday, Mr. Weir?" he remarked quietly.

"Taking holiday? Indeed no. There is no such luck."

"I judged you were," and Timothy went on with his work again.

"But what could lead you to any such conclusion?" Anthony asked in surprise. "Am I not here in Workingham while nearly everybody else is away?"

"Oh yes, you are here. I'm not questioning that for a moment. But a man may stay at home and still take holiday."

"I don't quite see what you are driving at," Anthony answered, a shade of annoyance creeping into his tone.

"Well," said the shoemaker, straightening his back again, "when folks like me give over working we call it taking holiday."

"But I've not given over working," Anthony answered shortly.

"I beg your pardon," the shoemaker said drily, "I thought you had."

Anthony sat down again. This little shoemaker irritated and interested him at the same time.

"You must have some particular reason, of course, why you think I have been taking holiday," he said, after a considerable pause.

"Well, yes, I have a reason," Timothy answered slowly.

"And what may your reason be?" Anthony questioned.

"You'll not be angry if I speak plainly?"

"Angry? Of course not. I shall be grateful. I always like people to say what they mean."

"Which is more than most people do," Tim answered with a grin. Then there was another pause.

"Well, your reason?" Anthony questioned, looking uncomfortable.

"The quality of your sermons."

Anthony started, and the colour mounted suddenly to his cheeks.

The shoemaker watched him curiously, but did not make any further remark.

Anthony struggled bravely with his temper. He had given his promise that



"YOU'LL NOT BE ANGRY IF I SPEAK PLAINLY?"

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he would not get angry, and he was resolved to keep it if possible, but the strain was very considerable.

Two or three sarcastic remarks relative to the shoemaker's superior critical faculty almost forced their way through the barrier of his teeth. It would have been a relief to have kicked him. And the worst of it was, he had expressed in a sentence what was the literal truth. He had neglected the pulpit ever since the holiday season began, he had assumed that any kind of sermon would do for the small tradesmen and shop assistants and working people who remained in the city during the dog days. The rebuke was deserved, and that added to the sting of it. But he had not only promised not to be angry, but to be grateful. People who are lavish with their promises often regret their generosity. Anthony regretted speaking to the shoemaker at all, and mentally resolved that his second pastoral visit should not be at an early date.

He felt the shoemaker's eye upon him. He realised that his word was at stake, and making a tremendous effort he smiled; it was a poor wintry smile no doubt; but he was bound to show in some way how grateful he was. The shoemaker smiled in return.

"So you think there has been a falling off in my preaching of late, do you?" he said, trying hard to keep all trace of temper out of his voice.

"Might I be allowed to ask, sir, if you do not think yourself that there has?"

Anthony coloured again. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. Nothing is more annoying than to be impaled by a perfectly straight and civil question. He felt that the shoemaker had him on the hop, as it were. If he said "no," he would not only compromise his character but his judgment. If he said "yes," he would justify the shoemaker; and if he evaded the question he would write himself down a coward before this little man of wax and leather. The position was a humiliating one however considered.

A moment's consideration, however, convinced him that honesty was the best policy. "When in doubt," says Mark Twain, "speak the truth."

"You are quite right, Mr. Jonas," he blurted out at length. "My last Sunday's sermons were not quite up to the usual

standard, but I did not think the difference would be detected."

"When you began, sir, some people prophesied that you would not be able to hold out. I combatted that opinion as well as I could. I believe still that you can hold out—but—"

"Well—what?"

"Well, sir, you must not take holiday because all the rich folk are away."

Anthony went out into the street tingling to the tips of his fingers. The last shot had been as relentless and as well aimed as any of the others. He had no word to say in self-defence. He knew well enough that he would never have attempted to palm off upon the congregation the crude sermons of an earlier time if what was sometimes termed "the carriage folk" had been at home.

He was angrier than he had been for many a long day, not because he had scamped his work, but because he had been found out.

So little do we realise the immanence of God. So dull is our spiritual vision, so coarse our moral fibre, that the sense of wrong too frequently gives us no pain. It is only when people find us out that we are troubled. If God could be hoodwinked we should be content enough. The pain of conscience is frequently only the fear that He has found us out.

Anthony resolved that he would visit no more of the poor of his flock to-day. There might be other Timothys among them, with as keen an intelligence and as sharp a tongue. He had never considered the fact that there might be educated cobblers and tailors and bakers in his congregation. He had supposed that money and intelligence went together, and that all educated people lived in good houses. He had found out his mistake, and he did not appear at all grateful at the discovery.

Turning his back upon the poor quarter of the city he made his way in the direction of Cambridge Park, where the "quality" lived. Most of the houses were in the possession of caretakers or servants, for the annual exodus was strictly observed by the wealthy people of Workingham.

The Lukes were in Scarborough—all but Rachel. She had been left at home to look after the servants, to take care of the house, and to keep enterprising burglars at bay. This was generally Rachel's fate. She was not supposed to need holiday like

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the rest. Moreover, as she never grumbled at the arrangement, they concluded she did not mind. Amiability is often mistaken for indifference.

When surprise was sometimes expressed to Mrs. Luke, or to Miss Luke or Jessie, that Rachel was not with the rest, the answer was invariably the same.

"Oh, that child! She does not mind a bit. As a matter of fact, she seems to prefer to stay at home, and so we let her have her own way."

So Rachel's natural generosity and sweetness of disposition were taken advantage of. Had she possessed a temper like Miss Luke there would have been domestic tempests and earthquakes.

Mr. Luke came up from Scarborough at least once a week and spent a night under his own roof; and as Mrs. Luke said, "It was so much pleasanter to have some one in the house who could preside at the table and generally look after him during these brief visits, than to go into the house with no one but servants in it."

Anthony had heard of this arrangement, and so resolved to call. He might perchance drop on Mr. Luke, and if not there was Rachel. He was quite sure she would give him a welcome, and he needed some gentle presence just at present to soothe his ruffled feelings.

Rachel saw him mounting the steps, and came and opened the door herself.

"It is good of you, Mr. Weir," she said in her demure, unaffected way, "to take compassion on my loneliness. I was just hoping somebody would call when I saw you coming up the steps."

"Then I'm glad I don't intrude," he said, his face brightening.

"Intrude? You are as welcome as daffodils in spring. I have felt lonelier today than any day since the others went away."

"I am surprised you do not run away to them, if only for a few days," he said, walking by her side into the large cool drawing-room.

"Ah, well, you see, somebody must look after the house, and on the whole there is very little that I can do."

"But why you more than the others?" He had no intention of being inquisitive, but the words were out almost before he was aware.

"Well, you see, Hannah and Jessie occupy a very different position from mine!"

"They are your elders?"

"It is not that merely, as you must surely know." She saw in a moment that he did not know. A look of wonder and curiosity crept into his eyes, but he forbore to ask any questions.

"Do you mean that no one has ever told you?" she said, with a bright little laugh.

"I may be very dense," he said gravely, "but I really do not know what you are referring to."

She laughed again, a genuine mirthful laugh.

"Well, that is strange," she said at length, "to think you have been in Workingham nearly two months and no one has ever told you. And everybody so fond of gossip too. I really shall have to alter my opinion of people. But wait! have you been to any 'women's working meetings'?"

"No, they are discontinued during the summer."

"Ah, well, that will account for it. But the truth is, I am not Mr. Luke's daughter."

"Indeed?"

"No, I am only his niece. My mother died when I was only two, and I have lived with uncle and aunt ever since. My father, who was Mr. Luke's only brother, for I am assuming he is dead, went out to the goldfields in Australia directly after my mother died, and for the last seven years nothing has been heard of him."

"Oh, I see," Anthony said reflectively. A number of things had become clear to him in a moment.

"Hence you will see I am only a dependant," she went on, "and if I can do anything however small to repay the kindness I am constantly receiving, don't you think it is my duty to do it?"

"Y—es, no doubt," he said, somewhat dubiously, and he wondered if the others made her feel that she was only a dependant and not a daughter.

"Then you don't keep house altogether from choice?" he continued after a pause.

"Oh yes, I choose to do it," she replied quickly. "I really don't mind it very much. It is a bit lonely sometimes, and occasionally I get nervous in the night when I hear noises that I can't account for. I wish I could get rid of the idea of burglars, for often I lie awake half the night; but on the whole I am very glad that I am the least bit of use in the world."

"Brave little girl," he said to himself.

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Then he answered aloud, "I suppose you will go away for your holiday later in the year?"

"Oh no, I don't think so," she answered cheerfully. "I am very healthy, you know, and don't often want a change. Hannah and Jessie, though they look so strong, are really very soon knocked up; indeed, if they did not get a thorough change in the summer I don't know how they would be able to face the winter."

"They certainly do not strike a stranger as being delicate," Anthony remarked drily. And then Rachel ran off to look after the tea.

Anthony pushed himself further back in his easy-chair and reflected, and his reflections were not altogether of an agreeable kind.

The Lukes were amongst the most religious people in his congregation, or at least no one made a greater parade of religion than they, and yet this adopted child was made to feel that she was only a dependant after all.

"If they were people of straightened means I could understand it," Anthony said to himself, knitting his brows and staring out of the window. "But—well—perhaps I have no right to throw stones," and he got up and began to walk about the room.

Anthony enjoyed his tea, for he was thirsty and tired. Moreover, it was pleasant to be waited upon by so winning a hostess.

She was the embodiment of grace and neatness, and her manner was absolutely free from every trace of affectation.

He lingered over the table much longer than was necessary. It was so different from being alone in diggings. He declared that the tea was the most delicious he had ever tasted in his life.

After tea they retired to the drawing-room again, and Rachel played and sang at his special request. He lay on the sofa with closed eyes and dreamed of Phillis. The music awoke a thousand memories of the past. Would it be always so? he wondered. Would his love for Phillis abide for ever and ever? Had he not been a fool in not making sure of her? While he was waiting, and debating questions of self-interest and policy, might she not be slowly forgetting him?

Ah, it would be very delightful to have a home of his own, and Phillis to sit at the head of the table, just as sweet-eyed Rachel had done this afternoon. How infinitely more pleasant it would be than living in lodgings.

The music ceased at length, and he rose to go. Rachel had charmed the evil spirit out of him. He no longer resented the cobbler's thinly-veiled rebukes. He was all the better for the afternoon's experience.

We live and learn, and learn where and when we least expect. The end of our school-days is often the beginning of our education.

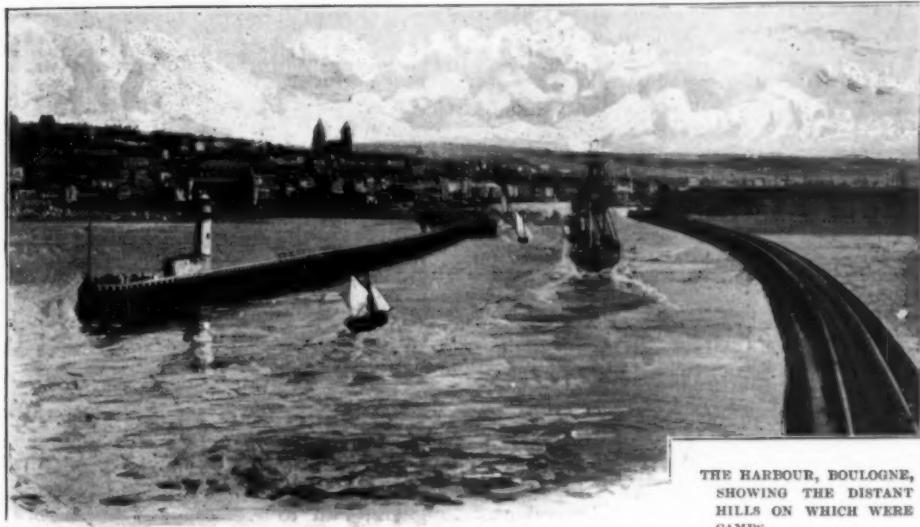


The Alarm Bell of the Century

A STORY OF THE SANDS OF BOULOGNE

BY W. STEVENS

PART II



THE HARBOUR, BOULOGNE,
SHOWING THE DISTANT
HILLS ON WHICH WERE
Camps

THERE was in the museum at Boulogne—it may be there still—a medal struck by Napoleon bearing the legend, *Descente en Angleterre*, with the words, *Frappé à Londres*. Like the English banknotes which were said to be manufactured at St. Cloud, for use after arrival in England, it was never brought into service. On finger-posts the troops marching to the camp at Boulogne saw the inspiring inscription, *Chemin de Londres*. The great host resting on the northern shores was named "The Army of England."

It was a part of the strategy of Bonaparte sometimes to talk openly of his plans in order to disguise his real purpose. The first threat of invasion had veiled the preparations he was making for his descent on Egypt. While there was war, it was essential that France should guard her coast-line against the activities of the English fleets; it was as necessary also that she should maintain her points of rally

and attack, if only to hamper the movements of her enemy, and hinder England from striking with greater effect. It was, therefore, often asked whether invasion was really intended. The threat of the Directory in 1801 had sufficed to arouse England. The ablest seaman that France could boast was in command of nine divisions of gunboats at Boulogne, and forty thousand troops lay ready for embarkation. A French fleet was to support the movement. But with Nelson in the English Channel it could never have been more than a vain demonstration, though Nelson's own expedition failed when he attempted to enter Boulogne. His squadron was set to watch the coast from Dieppe to Flushing, and to protect the opposite English shores. He laughed at the idea of a landing by means of rowing-boats; he thought the sailing of a heavier armament almost impracticable; but he said it was well to be prepared for any adventure from "a mad government." His memoranda, therefore, as we have them, seriously weigh

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every contingency. Bonaparte's preparations now were on a vastly larger scale. He threw all his energy into them; he passed to and fro kindling enthusiasm; he made that which even to Frenchmen had seemed impossible loom like a near reality. With all the facts before us, and his explicit correspondence, we cannot now question his intention. It has been said that he secretly abandoned his project when the volunteers grew to be formidable, and kept his armies by the sea merely to paralyse England while he was making ready to strike elsewhere; but there is evidence that his combinations took only a wider sweep, and were frustrated in the end by the invincible seamanship which kept the French fleets out of the English Channel.

Bonaparte struck instantly. He seized Hanover, took possession of Holland, and poured troops into Naples, justifying these acts of violence on the general ground that he held those countries as security for Malta. But with the sea-coast of Holland he increased his opportunities for aggression on England; and with Hanover he replenished his revenue. Antwerp was turned into a naval port. From the mouth of the Scheldt to far-away Brest, looking out on the Atlantic from its sheltered harbour, the stir of preparation became apparent, and every point of vantage was turned to account.

The first act of Parliament after the declaration of war was to carry a measure for constituting an army of reserve fifty thousand strong, which was to be raised by ballot, and held for service at home. The next measure, which immediately followed, was one authorising a levy *en masse* in case of invasion. The Secretary of State for War, in introducing it, recalled the fact that, so lately as the reign of Henry VIII., all persons in England were required to exercise themselves at shooting with the bow. In the course of the debate Fox spoke. It was principally on the armed mass of the people that he relied. "Our regular army might be good and great; our navy was the greatest and best in the world; but both were subject to accidents and chances; whereas the mass of a great people, once instructed in the use of arms, would be a solid and permanent security. The invaders might bring to our shores armies as numerous and as well disci-

plined as our own; but they would not bring over that which we could command—an armed peasantry. He thought that the best mode would be to try whether a general armament might not be obtained voluntarily." Pitt, speaking in a strain of animated patriotism, said that England had been long exempt from this experience of war on its shores, and that if it was to share with other nations in the struggle, it must meet the crisis with gratitude for the exemptions it had enjoyed, and with a courage and resolution worthy of its privileges.

The general enrolment in preparation for the *levée en masse* was to be carried out under four different classes: the first comprehended all unmarried men between the ages of seventeen and thirty; the second, unmarried men between thirty and fifty; the third, all married men between seventeen and thirty not having more than two children under ten years of age; and the fourth, all under the age of fifty-five not included in the other lists. These classes were to be all trained and taught the use of arms in their parishes; they were, in case of invasion, liable to be called out by the King as head of the State, to co-operate with the regular army in any part of the kingdom, and to "remain embodied until the enemy should be exterminated or driven into the sea."

This levy was never necessary. Fox seems to have spoken the prevailing feeling of his countrymen. Volunteers of all ranks responded in sufficient numbers. It so came about that an able-bodied man who was not serving in some form had to "hide his diminished head" in very shame. The Prince of Wales begged to be allowed to take some post of danger, but was forbidden on royal grounds. There was no distinction of classes; the brain and muscle of all alike, of the most distinguished and the humblest men, were at the public service. Within two months from the outbreak of war the volunteers numbered 60,000; by the end of that year (1803) they counted 300,000; in the spring of the following year we find Pitt speaking of 400,000. In the May of that year, the Lord Mayor's barge led the Loyal London Volunteers in a procession of boats down the river to Greenwich, where colours were presented to them. The aspect of the country changed. There was drill and exercise, marching and counter-marching

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in all directions. The mimic arts of war were practised in English lanes, on hill-tops and open moors, on sandy reaches of the coast. There were false alarms, and surprises, and sudden rallies. Camps multiplied. Muskets were given out in immense numbers, and more than 70,000 pikes. The term of service varied. Horses and carts were volunteered by the thousand; Pickford, for example, placed four hundred horses, fifty wagons, and twenty-eight boats at the disposal of the Government.

The caustic Windham, who had been Secretary for War, and was always a keen and vigilant critic of military affairs, did not, in the early stage of the movement, spare the volunteers, but had spoken of them as "depositaries of panic." It was Sheridan who had replied by moving, in the August of 1803, the thanks of the House of Commons to the volunteer and yeomanry corps; and also that returns of the different corps should be laid before the House, "in order that they might be handed down to posterity, by being entered in the journals." Both motions were unanimously adopted. Times have changed, or the century might see some formidable additions—the "C.I.V.s" among them! When the crisis had passed, Windham complained that in three years and a half the volunteers had cost the Government five millions, and that as much more—which we of to-day should note—had been expended in support of the force by private individuals. He would have had the system so limited as to be entirely self-supporting.

In one of his later speeches he objected that the system itself was democratic and revolutionary; that it disturbed the social order, and interfered unwisely with the occupations of the people. Pitt, on the other hand, strongly urged on every occasion

that the volunteer force should be brought to perfection, so that the regular soldiers could be sent abroad. He called for efficiency, and instead of twenty days' drill, would have insisted on eighty had public opinion supported him. There was never military movement yet which did not disclose points of weakness; and in this glow of popular enthusiasm they may be discerned. They appear in the largeness of the bounties paid, at least in London, to secure men for the army of reserve, and in the frequent discussions in Parliament on questions of discipline and privilege among the volunteers.

Debates on the army and navy were also frequent during these years, and ranged over subjects which still continue to be discussed. Pitt denounced the "languid" administration and "alarming supineness" of the Admiralty. The achievements of the British navy at this period belong to a larger history, and range over half the world. Amidst all the ferment on shore, everybody recognised that our ships and seamen were the first line of defence. When Pitt complained, England had already



THE COLONNE DE LA GRANDE ARMÉE, BOULOGNE

four hundred and sixty-nine ships of war at sea, which not only swept the Channel, but made her supreme on the waters; and she had in addition for defending the coast, an armed flotilla of eight hundred craft of all descriptions. In less than another year the vessels of every class together were numbered at one thousand five hundred and thirty, though probably not a few of these may have come within the contemptuous sarcasm which described a "cockle-shell" fleet barely able to achieve a voyage from pier to pier. The regular army was now also largely reinforced; the militia was freshly organised, increased in numbers, and strengthened by the generous offer of the Irish militia to serve in Great

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Britain. Scotland, though remote from the most pressing peril, gave enthusiastic support. The Sea Fencibles, as they were called—a body scattered from Deal to Leith, round the coast, consisting chiefly of pilots and fishermen—numbered 25,000. The total armed force in the United Kingdom, including the volunteers, was at the close of the first year 615,000, as reported by the Secretary for War to the House of Commons. If we contrast these figures with the relatively small population of Great Britain at that time, it will be seen how great was the sacrifice the nation was prepared to make.

A report of the "Association for Promoting the Defence of the Firth of Forth" affords some interesting glimpses of the state of things. General Lloyd is quoted as calculating that only one shot out of four hundred from troops not accustomed to take aim takes effect in battle; therefore, to stimulate ball practice, silver medals were given, and with excellent results. As it was impossible to have a stationary force wherever a landing might be attempted, a "machine" had been contrived which could be fixed on coach- or carriage-wheels, and with two horses carry ten or twelve men with their arms at the rate of from five to seven miles an hour. Premiums were to be given to those who should have the greatest number of such carriages ready in the shortest time; and to their conductors who should first reach the place of danger; as also to farmers who first appeared with their own carts. Funds were to be devoted to the equipment of a certain number of decked vessels at Leith, of from seventy to fifty tons, to carry "carronades." Twelve herring-boats were also to be prepared. A subscription was to furnish great-coats for the volunteers. These are some of the facts presented at a meeting which had the Lord Chief Baron in the chair, though they seem to belong to the primitive ages.

The cruel tests of actual warfare were never applied to this organised defence. From that day the heart of England has never ceased to give thanks that the blow did not fall. The war, as it was, threw back the country for years in its march of progress. Who can say what calamitous consequences might have followed if the struggle had been prolonged on our shores? Yet the strongest defence was not in numbers or enrolments, but in the spirit of the people; in their love of home and

country, and the unconquerable freedom which was breath of life to their energy. No Napoleon could have crushed it; it would have sprung again, though the scythe of desolation passed over it. And it is as strong to day as then, though the little England has become an empire.

It restores the sense of proportion to remember that this was the period when the West India Docks came into use, when the London Docks were finished, and the East India Docks begun, and the Commercial Road was first laid out.

The proposal to fortify London was rejected with some heat; if fleet and army failed, what would walls and entrenchments avail? Yet no precaution was neglected. Pitt and Fox both favoured fortification at expedient points. Pitt explained that during the last war the most minute sketches had been obtained of every important position for resistance between the sea-coast and the metropolis; and that arrangements had also been made for the protection of our principal ports and arsenals. It was his government which began the erection of the Martello towers, which a later generation grew to regard as "a costly farce." At Pevensey Bay, where William the Norman landed, a ragged regiment of them still stands looking out wistfully to sea, watching if haply another invader comes.

No possibility could be disregarded with an antagonist like Napoleon. It was therefore arranged that if London was threatened the King should take refuge at Chelmsford or Dartford, as might seem safer; and that the Queen and the royal family, with "the treasure," should go to Worcester. Wagons were held ready for the flight of the Bank of England; and barges were to convey the military stores of Woolwich inland to Birmingham. For months together thirty thousand regular troops were kept in the eastern corner of England, ready to move at a moment's notice.

The return of Pitt to power was like the coming of Blucher at Waterloo. No other single man would have brought such strength to the defence. Canning's verse, "The pilot who weathered the storm," gave the popular estimate of the services he had already rendered; he urged now that he was the "one man" of England who might be opposed to the "one man"

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of France. When the treaty of Amiens fell to pieces, he was living, in broken health, at Walmer, but he came back within a few days to Parliament. Lord Rosebery has told how, as he entered the House, the throng of new members broke into the cry, "Pitt! Pitt!" A year passed before he took again the reins of power. He would have united in his Cabinet all the strongest men, but there were impediments he could not overcome. When he went back to Walmer in that fateful summer of 1803, he raised and drilled a volunteer corps of three thousand men. "Amid the derision of his enemies and the apprehension of his friends," says Lord Rosebery, "he spent his days in feverish activity, riding and reviewing and manoeuvring along the coast committed officially to his charge. He would not even go to London, unless the wind was in a quarter that prohibited a hostile landing." These volunteer duties he continued to discharge even after he had become Prime Minister. But already there was shaping in his mind the scheme of a great coalition which was to change the plans of Napoleon. His last speech was spoken (in 1805) after Trafalgar, in reply to his "health" drunk at the Lord Mayor's November banquet, when the crowd had taken the horses from his carriage and drawn him themselves to the Guildhall. The words were few, but of the kind that belong to successive generations.

"I return you many thanks for the honour you have done me. But Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example."

The fame of Robert Hall as a great preacher still lives, and the struggle of his strenuous spirit with pain is remembered with his eloquence. The sermon which he preached at Bridge-street, Bristol, on the Fast Day of 1803, was afterwards published. Pitt thought its concluding

pages equal in genuine eloquence to anything ever uttered. We note it here as one indication of the sources of power at this time. It has the artificiality of another age, but is conceived in the largest, most generous spirit. It surveys the whole horizon, points out national duties, and shows the signs of national degeneracy. The words of Jeremiah (viii. 6) serve as text: "I hearkened and heard, but they spake not aright: no man repented him of his wickedness, saying, What have I done? Every one turned to his course, as a horse that ruseth into the battle." After a vigorous description of the state of the rival nations, he spoke in grand figure of this country "as most exactly placed in the Thermopylæ of the universe." Then came the conclusion, in words which some thought "the finest spoken since the days of Demosthenes."

"While you have everything to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success; so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man) of having performed your part; virtue will atone for the outrages of fortune by conducting you to immortality; your names will be enrolled with the illustrious dead; while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period (and they will incessantly revolve them), will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine that virtuous heroes, legislators and



THE CHÂTEAU, BOULOGNE, WHERE NAPOLEON III. WAS IMPRISONED
AFTER HIS BOULOGNE ADVENTURE IN 1840

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patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it is brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed by your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to 'swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever,' that they will protect Freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And Thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to Whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on Thy sword, Thou Most Mighty, and go forth with our hosts in the day of battle. Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from Thy presence. Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes; inspire them with Thy cross; and while led by Thine hand, and fighting under Thy banner, open Thou their eyes to behold in every valley and in every plain what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses of fire. 'Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.'"

Bonaparte brought physical powers to the contest that rivalled those of Wellington on other fields. He began by giving six

weeks to visit all the ports. "The First Consul," said his *aide-de-camp*, "lives on his horse and in his carriage. He has no sooner alighted from his carriage than away he goes on horseback, often ten or twelve hours together. He talks with the men, and sees and examines everything." Every week the din of war grew louder. With the army came some of his greatest generals. We hear of Soult at Boulogne, of Ney at Dunkirk, of Marmont in Holland, of Lannes, Victor, Davoust and Junot at other points. One of his latest acts in the interval of peace had been the remodelling of his army, and the creation of the body that a little later was to become the famous Imperial Guard. A hundred and fifty thousand men of this reconstituted force—seasoned troops—lay presently along the coast, or within reach—covering the dunes, drilling on the sands, crowding upon the slopes above Boulogne, so that these resembled a city of wooden huts. There were six camps. "From the heights of Ambleteuse I have seen this

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A CARICATURE OF 1805

day," we find him writing to Cambacérès, "the coast of England. We could distinguish the houses and the bustle. It is a ditch that shall be leaped when one is daring enough to try." As the time drew on for great adventures he would himself manoeuvre his hosts by night.

The flotilla had been gradually brought into shelter. The Seine from Havre to Paris was covered with small boats before the first summer had passed. In the inland rivers, in the canals, boats multiplied. Three hundred were quickly gathered at the Hague. In every port, in every stream they appeared. The Garonne in the far south-west became highway for numbers of them, and every river northward bore crowds to the sea. They crept along close by the shore. Batteries watched over them from hills or cliffs; field artillery patrolled at dangerous places. Many towns gave not only boats, but the expenses of arming. Harbours were dug in sandy shallows, and works erected where necessary. No call to arms could have

been much more perilous, for British ships blockaded the French ports, and light-winged frigates and sloops passed with every wind. Yet before the year had gone, the greater number had gathered within the twenty miles of coast-line nearest to England. At Boulogne huge harbours were excavated for them, with quays and all requirements, beside a vast basin in the sand. The total number of these vessels was estimated at two thousand three hundred. They were manned by fifteen thousand seamen, and carried three thousand guns. They varied in size, but were all of low draught, and depended upon oars as well as sails. Some were to carry horses, some baggage. Every regiment of the army had its allotted group. Sometimes whole divisions were marched into them, and trained in the risks of embarkation. They needed the strength of "triple brass" as much as the first seaman. The tides were too swift for them; they could not all get out to sea together. If the winds and the waves

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favoured, where was the French fleet able to beat back the English assailants that would crowd to their prey? For two years ships and men lay waiting. The preparations were too immense to allow of the idea that Bonaparte was simply befooling Europe.

The English were on their side impatient that they could not penetrate the harbours and destroy the flotilla. There was many a gallant encounter along the shore; often the sailors landed and fought hand-to-hand in pursuit. Sometimes a gunboat ran in and wrought devastation. Once during an attack on the flotilla, Bonaparte himself was on board a French gunboat, in the front rank, under fire.

At last there seemed signs of decisive action being at hand. Then Lord Keith was instructed to experiment with the invention of an American projector, called the Catamaran. This was in effect a copper cylinder, lined with lead and filled with gunpowder, which was to be placed secretly under a ship, and exploded by clockwork. A squadron bore down on Boulogne; fire-ships bore down on the flotilla, but they parted, and the fire-ships passed through without inflicting any injury. All night Lord Keith stood by; several ships were exploded, and some losses inflicted; but the machine was a failure. Englishmen of that time thought this manner of fighting unfair; they were contemptuous, and talked thenceforth of the Catamaran admiralty.

Through all these long, anxious months a sleepless look-out was kept from the English coast. It is a thrice-told story how the signalling was to be done by beacons. The most of the many beacon hills in England date from that time. They were kept ready for lighting, primed that they might each be seen two miles away. Kent and Sussex were covered by sixteen stations, while another sixteen were afterwards arranged to guard the east. But with the lapse of time there came a lessening of alarm, though no relaxation of prudent care. From doubt as to the flotilla attempting the passage, there came to be scoffing, and the challenge to the French to come out grew ever louder. The caricaturists saw their opportunity, and laughed relentlessly. The French themselves chafed at the delay. In Paris, at the opera, Napoleon himself was once enraged with the dubious cry, *Conquérant d'Angleterre*.

Ships might come, and ships might go, for ever like the tides, and still the smugglers

plied their craft without break. When we tell tales of the old times, we forget the national training these men had for so many years. If Napoleon had carried out his universal blockade no other form of commerce would have been possible. Captivated by their skill, he would sometimes himself watch them as they escaped to sea in their little boats. "During the war," he said at St. Helena, "all the intelligence I received from England came through the smugglers. They are people who have courage and ability to do anything for money. They had at first a part of Dunkirk allotted to them, to which they were restricted; but as they latterly went out of their limits, committed riots, and insulted everybody, I ordered Gravelines to be prepared for their reception, where they had a little camp prepared for their accommodation, beyond which they were not permitted to go. At one time there were upwards of five hundred of them in Dunkirk. I had every information I wanted through them. They brought over newspapers and despatches from the spies that we had in London. They took over spies from France, landed and kept them in their houses for some days, then dispersed them over the country, and brought them back when wanted. . . . Besides, the police had in their pay many English spies, some of high quality, amongst whom there were many ladies. There was one lady in particular of very high rank, who furnished considerable information, and was sometimes paid £3000 in one month."

One notorious group of royalist conspirators made their way ashore from England by means of a smuggler's rope that was hanging from the cliffs near Dieppe.

One incident more pleasant is told of these sands; Napoleon himself narrated it at St. Helena. Two English sailors had been prisoners at Verdun, and escaped. Hiding themselves in the wood, they made of branches and osiers a light little boat of five or six feet long, and one day when an English cruiser came in sight, launched their frail bark, and put to sea. They were captured and brought back to be hanged. Napoleon, struck by their boldness, met them with kindly words—"I admire courage wherever it is found. You are free." He ordered some napoleons to be given to them, and sent them forthwith on board an English ship. The poet Thomas Campbell gave the subject a poem.

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While the grand army of England was assembling, momentous events passed by. Amongst them was the tragedy of the Duc d'Enghien, which filled Europe with horror. A prince of the Bourbons, grandson of the great Condé, he was seized in the territory of Baden, six leagues beyond the French frontier, brought to Paris, hurried through a sham trial, shot in the trenches of Vincennes, and buried there like a dog. The black infamy stirred still deeper feeling across the waters. The very next month Bonaparte proposed to take the title of Emperor. In December followed the magnificent coronation at Paris, where he took the crown from the altar and placed it on his own head. A few months later he went southward to Milan, and was there crowned as King of Italy. As on the occasion of his becoming First Consul, a first act of the Emperor Napoleon now was to address a letter to King George III.

"Sir and Brother," he began,—avowing that his first sentiment was a wish for peace,—"France and England abuse their prosperity. . . . The world is sufficiently large for our two nations to live in, and reason is sufficiently powerful to discover means of reconciling everything, when the wish for reconciliation exists on both sides."

"Jan. 2, 1805."

The answer went back from the Minister of State to Talleyrand that Great Britain could not act without her allies. It was a hint of the blow which was preparing, of which Napoleon knew.

The Emperor's Fête was celebrated with great pomp at Boulogne. It was his first distribution in the army of the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which he had lately instituted. One hundred thousand infantry defiled before him; and the same day, though the sea was rough, forty more vessels made their way from Havre to join the flotilla. Was this the Hellespont, and he another Xerxes?

Méneval, who was his private secretary at this period, gives a full account of the Boulogne life as the crisis drew near. His head-quarters were in a small country house in the little village of Pont de Brie, about half-a-league out. On one of the eminences also he had a wooden house of several rooms, in one of which was a large telescope.

"During his stays he used to explore the camp and the coast; or, embarked on a flat-bottomed

boat, would engage his flotilla in small combats, often pointing a cannon with his own hands. He superintended the fitting out of the boats, and tested different systems of stowage, being anxious to ship munitions and provisions for twenty days. . . . He had the soldiers and sailors drilled, ordered sham embarkations and landings both at day and night. . . . He scoured the beach on foot and on horseback. . . . The land forces were encamped in huts, constructed of mud and branches, and were divided into streets. Each regiment, each brigade, and each division had its quarters, separated from the others by broad avenues. Inscriptions expressing patriotic sentiments, or testimonials of devotion to the Emperor—some heroic, some comic—could be read in the front of these huts."

Everything was ready—men and ships, both in perfect training—but who should get rid of the impossible which he had forbidden in dictionaries? Napoleon apparently thought to have moved with his usual celerity, and to have been in London by the end of the first year of the war. He had had dreams of a French fleet sweeping our sea. His words, so often quoted, "Give me command of the Channel for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world," explain his difficulty. If ever he trusted over-much to the flotilla, he must soon have known that alone its chances were small. The strategy on which he at last relied covered half the seas. It is fully explained in one of his letters. In substance it was to lure the English fleet across the Atlantic by a feigned attack on the West Indies, and to double back and appear in the Channel before they could discover their mistake. The Spanish fleet was to beat northward and join the French. The whole complicated story is full of the watchful energy and courage which make the annals of our seamen so great. It was here in reality that the question of the invasion of England was decided. The vigorous blockades that held the French ports held also Napoleon's hand. Nelson during two years had never left his ship for more than a few hours. He was watching in the Mediterranean, but followed through the Straits of Gibraltar as soon as Villeneuve emerged in the Atlantic. He missed him, but was able to dispatch a light vessel home which was in time to put England on her guard. Not all the manœuvring of the French admirals in concert could secure them a free course. The British squadrons were too much for them; winds harassed them. "Appear in the Channel at once with your whole forces," wrote Napoleon to Ganteaume at Brest, "and we

The Alarm Bell of the Century

shall have avenged six centuries of shame and wrong." It was all in vain. August came—the August of 1805—and in a passion of hope he gazed from day to day westward down the Channel. No friendly sail showed above the propitious summer seas. Strange to say, that very month Nelson on his return had crossed the Channel, brought the *Victory* to Portsmouth, and gone on to London, where he was being received as a conqueror. The city had been in lively alarm, half the merchants expecting bankruptcy, when they heard of the French movement on the West Indies. The one subject was still the risk of invasion. Nelson was soon sailing southward again. News overtook him in London that Villeneuve had been tracked into Cadiz. Napoleon heard the same tidings in hot anger. It was the knell of all his wild desires. Impossible!—the word of doom was for once written across his darkened horizon. He did not hesitate. The order was at once given to break up the camps. Villeneuve got out again to sea. He joined the Spanish fleet; but destruction fell upon them a month or two later in Trafalgar Bay. England was safe.

Napoleon had once talked of "cutting the knot of coalitions in London"; but Pitt had been active there. He had revived the coalition of the East. Russia and Austria had now immense forces ready to march to the Rhine, or descend on Italy. One more awful whirlwind was about to sweep Europe. Napoleon did not waste a day.

A strange account has been given by an eye-witness of the last scene at Boulogne. The sea was calm; the troops were embarked in the flotilla; the whole force of two hundred thousand in six hours; then suddenly the trumpets gave the signal for landing. Was this a ruse to persuade the troops that their withdrawal meant nothing more than a change of policy? Then a proclamation was read announcing the war against Austria and Russia. Shouts of exultation welcomed the relief from long inactivity. The next day the march eastward had begun. Austerlitz was to crown it.

Not dawn of day when the storm has passed, nor steadfast noon of light, nor peace of eventide, ever brought so wonderful a calm. The suspense of the nation was over.

What new Te Deum did the English people chant? It is not written. Yet was there ever greater deliverance?

Close to Boulogne there now rises the Column of the Grand Army. It was begun by them as a monument to Napoleon, and the first stone laid by Marshal Soult in 1804—the year of the imperial crowning. On their departure it was left unfinished. Under Louis XVIII. it was resumed, with the intention of commemorating the restoration of the Bourbons; but after the revolution of 1830 it reverted to its original purpose, and it was dedicated in 1841 to Napoleon. The Château where Louis Napoleon was imprisoned after his descent on France in 1840 carries on the history another stage. Crumbling trenches and redoubts once covered the hills around; they have been obliterated. A long peace has rested on those shores.

In the midst of the blinding schemes of his ambitions Napoleon saw two things clearly: the one that France and England together might be great—that their alliance was more to be coveted than war; the other that the federation of Europe would open a new era to the nations. We need not consign these ideas to the limbo of betrayed causes because he did his best to overwhelm them by his grandiose wars. Will there never come a time when the harmonies of nations shall be deeper, and the concert of administration practicable on a larger scale? How long are wild suspicions, and eager jealousies, and angry recriminations, or the blatant words of narrow minds to rule? Are arming and armaments to remain our only defence? God speed the years when the nations shall be able to rely on the liberty and strength, the wisdom and justice of their courts of arbitration, and the scare of a war between France and England be never more than the dream of a madman.



The Beacon of American Literature—Boston

BY DOUGLAS SLADEN

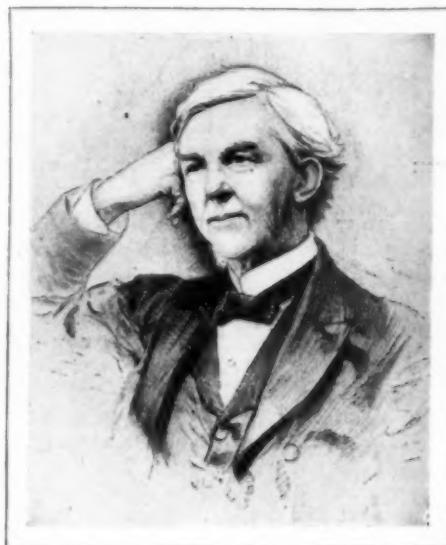
THE end of the crowded nineteenth century approaches, and as Presidential elections in the United States do not, like Leap Year, skip the Century Year, all eyes are for the moment turned upon America. My eyes naturally turn to Boston, my first home in America, which in the earlier part of the last half of the century was one of the beacons of literature.

Boston then contained, if not the hub of the universe, at any rate the undisputed court of literature in the United States. Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Lowell, all lived in or near it, and all Americans who read books and magazines looked to Boston as their Mecca. It was graced by a band of literary giants only to be equalled in London or Paris, and these giants were so eminently amiable and society-loving that there arose a literary society hardly paralleled in the history of letters.

Even when I went to Boston in 1888, though the sun of her literary glory had set, she still possessed a literary audience not to be surpassed elsewhere. The literary market is now at New York. It is the audience which is so literary at Boston. No matter whether you are a small poet whose name is being quoted in the "Academy" newspaper, or a native belonging to one of the 217 nations of India and anxious that India should have national existence under the aegis of your particular petty state, you will always get an audience in Boston. And the audience, which consists mostly

of well-dressed and intelligent women, is always attentive, considerate, and quick to pick up points. You do, it is true, run a risk of blank and lonely failure if you simply hire a hall and advertise your tickets. All lectures have to be given under the auspices of this or the other society, such as the Browning Society, the Round Table, the Woman's Club of Lynn, or the Ames Institute of somewhere else. And most of these institutions pay the lecturer well for airing his fads, though at some of the principal societies honour is its own reward. The chairman is another important item. Boston in my day was as completely under the sway of Colonel T. W. Higginson as Bath was under the sway of Beau Nash in his prime. One of the heroes of the emancipation of slaves, one of the heroes of the war against the Secessionists, with a tall graceful figure, a silvery tongue, and

a perfect sense of the duties of chairmanship, Colonel Higginson, excellent writer that he was, was always thought of as a personality rather than as an author. The meetings of these societies were sometimes in a public hall, sometimes in the salons of a millionaire. They used to say that there was only one woman in Boston smart enough to be able to scoff at literature. The others all counterfeited an interest if they did not possess one, though the interest might only take the form of providing the rooms, and refreshments ranging from coffee to chicken salads, oyster stews, and ice-cream. Except at clubs, alcoholic drinks were rarely supplied at literary gatherings.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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T. B. ALDRICH

Literary gatherings at Boston in my day might, roughly speaking, be divided into three headings—(1) Societies and Lectures; (2) Story-tellers' nights at clubs; (3) Salons. I cannot remember the names of the various literary societies. "The Round Table" was one of them. Somebody read an essay upon some literary subject, and people got up and made speeches about it. Literary strangers are always invited to speak on these occasions, very early in the proceedings. It is an appalling ordeal, for the *habitues* are such polished orators; they get up and make a neat little speech, culminating in an excellent story which is sometimes the whole point of the speech. Mr. F. R. Stockton, the novelist, who is one of the best after-dinner speakers in America, told me that he never went out to dinner without taking a good story up his sleeve to act as the flavour of his speech if he was called upon to make one. It is astonishing how many Americans in ordinary society, men and women, can make a well-delivered speech impromptu.

The principal woman's society in Boston revolved round the Grand Old Woman of America, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; but I never went to their meetings, the problems tackled were of such a severe order. At Boston, in my day, the surviving literary luminaries did not frequent

societies much, they were too great a strain on men as old as Dr. Holmes and Mr. Whittier. But in the days when Longfellow and Lowell, Emerson and Thoreau, and the Autocrat, might any of them turn up, these meetings must have been brilliant in the extreme. In my day Mr. Whittier would not go out to any gathering, and Dr. Holmes only made an exception in favour of a lunching club, called the "Saturday Afternoon," of which, I think, he was President. The real centre of literary life was the late John Boyle O'Reilly, a witty Irishman, who had escaped to Boston from West Australia, whither he had been transported for breaking his military oath. The American gentleman who introduced me to him said, "I wish to present you to Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, the best fellow in the world though no one would trust him a yard." I saw what he meant afterwards. O'Reilly was fairly tree'd in some atrocious statement, and when he saw that there was no escape, said, "Never mind, it's better to be Irish than to be right." He was very much beloved in Boston, he was so witty, so warm-hearted, so generous, except where England was concerned. He had apparently never forgiven her for her generosity in not hanging him.

Various were the literary clubs of which O'Reilly was—to use the Japanese expression—the social glue. To begin with, there was a little club of six. It was a dining club, and met at regular intervals at the house of each member in rotation. The membership was very distinguished, they were all well-known authors. O'Reilly, the novelists Robert Grant, F. W. Stimpson, Arlo Bates, Barrett Wendell, and Jack Wheelwright, a well-known witty writer, or Russell Sullivan—I am not sure which. Their dinners were absolutely charming.

The "Papyrus" was a dining club of a much more public order, on the lines of our "New Vagabonds," but not nearly as large. They dined, I think, at the Revere House, a famous old Boston inn, and there were speeches and impromptu performances afterwards. The "Papyrus" was the basis upon which the New Vagabonds' Club was organised.

The "St. Botolph" was more on the lines of our Savage Club. St. Botolph is of course the eponymous saint of Boston. His club had, it is true, only one Saturday in a month, and proceedings did not begin with

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a dinner, but were enlivened with a stand-up supper. It was what they call a "Story-teller's Night" in America, not meaning thereby that it was confined to liars, but that the celebrities who went there were expected to tell a good story.

Speaking of societies and lectures it would be wrong not to mention the Lowell Lectures, not founded by or in honour of *the Lowell*, but by a wealthy namesake. I must hurry on to the salons, which are quite a speciality at Boston, and which I found delightful. They are so perfectly simple. You are asked to meet interesting people; the refreshments are very light, and therefore do not stand in the way of an unwealthy hostess receiving often. There are no performances except what the guests may give themselves; and this is rather an important exception, for it is in listening to recitations that the Boston audience shows its discipline. The whole atmosphere is thoroughly literary, and you are apt to meet the most distinguished people in the country.

Mrs. Fields, widow of the late senior partner of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., had a salon to which the elder generation of literary people, who had published with her husband, went pretty faithfully. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton had the best literary reunions in the city at her house in Rutland Square. Mr. T. B. Aldrich gave breakfasts—very small and very select. Mrs. Governor Clafin, whose husband had been a well-known Abolitionist, as well as Governor of Massachusetts, had very important receptions in her great old Georgian mansion in Mount Vernon Street, for Mr. Whittier, mindful of the days when he and Governor Clafin had stood side by side to be stoned for advocating Abolitionist principles, always came and stayed with his old friend when he was in Boston. Poor Harry Bernard Carpenter, the brother of the Bishop of Ripon, used, until his sudden death, to give supper-parties after evening service, in which he told the wittiest Irish stories in his pulpit voice. He was "one of the best." He could not get over the effects of his early training, and though he was, when we knew him, a Unitarian clergyman, he would drift back, in one of his fervid bursts of eloquence, into Trinitarian phraseology. Some of his poems are quite admirable. Indeed, after Whittier and Holmes, Mrs. Moulton, and Mr. Aldrich, he had no superior among living

Boston poets at the end of the eighties. He used to tell me in confidence that Boston men, in spite of all the culture in the city, were badly educated, judged by our standards.

Mrs. Moulton's may be taken as the typical Boston salon. Those who have been to her receptions in London will have met all the best-known literary Londoners. The same people went to her receptions in Boston when they were in America. To meet them there would be Arlo Bates, who came of a family that always invented its Christian names; Charles Follen Adams, the Yawcob Strauss whose German-American dialect poems were even better than Hans Breitmann's; Louise Imogen Guiney, the poetess; Lilian Whiting; Kate Field; Eugene Field, the literary pioneer of Chicago; Mrs. Blake, and others whose names carried far in Boston. It was Miss Guiney, one of America's best living poetesses and essay-writers, who first showed me over the hallowed places of Old Boston, such as the steeple by the old north burial-ground, from which Paul Revere did not, as recorded in Longfellow's famous poem, give the warning to the rebel—it is an imitation of the steeple from which he gave the warning; the old South Church, now a museum; the old State House, which still bears the lion and the unicorn, in spite of the efforts of the Irish to remove them; the old Faneuil Hall, which has resounded with the indignant speeches of so many famous meetings; and the old King's Chapel. The Faneuil Hall



H. O. HOUGHTON

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was originally built for a market hall by Mr. Peter Faneuil in 1742; it was restored after its destruction by fire in 1761. "In the stirring events that preceded the Revolution it was put to frequent use. The spirited speeches and resolutions uttered and adopted within it were a most potent agency in exciting the patriotism of all the North American colonists. In every succeeding great crisis in the history of the United States, thousands of citizens have assembled beneath this roof to listen to the patriotic eloquence of their leaders and councillors. The great hall is peculiarly fitted for popular assemblies. It is never let for money, but it is at the disposal of the people whenever a sufficient number of persons, complying with certain regulations, ask to have it opened. . . . The city Charter of Boston, which makes but very few restrictions upon the right of the city Government to govern the city in all local affairs, contains a wise provision forbidding the sale or lease of this hall." It contains many valuable historical paintings of the celebrities of the Revolutionary period, in which Boston took the lead. But if Boston took the lead in resisting Great Britain a hundred years ago, it has since then taken the lead in promoting good relations. There is no city in America where the feeling towards Great Britain is better.

I must say a word about the old King's Chapel in Tremont Street, founded in 1686, though the present building was first used August 21, 1754. The Church of England service was, at all events at the end of the eighties, used in the church, but altered wherever it was necessary to adapt it to the Unitarian doctrines. The King's Chapel had the honour of being both the first Episcopal Church and the first Unitarian Church in Boston. It had also the honour of being attended by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Every Sunday, until he was too feeble to go to church any more, he used to sit in the gallery, the only tenant in his pew and almost the only tenant in the gallery, a quaint little figure, preternaturally solemn, as if to show that even a humourist knew how to behave in church.

When you speak of Boston as a literary centre you of course include Cambridge, which is joined to it by the long wooden bridge over the Charles river, and two or three miles of tramway line. It was this bridge which inspired Longfellow with: "I stood on the bridge at midnight, when the clock was striking the hour," and it is this Cambridge which contains the ancient University of Harvard, founded by the English Colony Court of Massachusetts Bay, in 1636-7, six years after the foundation of Boston. Here Holmes lived in the height of his fame and activity, though he afterwards deserted Cambridge for Boston and Beverley Farms, and here Longfellow and Lowell had their homes till the days of their deaths. Harvard, the American Cambridge, founded upon the model of Emmanuel in the English Cambridge, is always spoken of as Harvard

College, named after the Rev. John Harvard, M.A., of Charlestown, Massachusetts, an Emmanuel man, who left half his estates and his library, in 1638, to further the building of the University, though it shares with Yale the honour of being the Oxford and Cambridge of America. It is a curious fact that both the Longfellow home and the Lowell home belonged at one time to the family of Vassall, the head of which was a victim of the War of Independence, named William Vassall. Mr. Vassall had made his home at Boston in the days when the Thirteen Colonies were still part of the British dominions, but he derived his wealth, not from Boston, but Jamaica, which did not share in the revolt of the



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

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mainland colonies. He would have liked to have gone on living in Boston, but Great Britain's powerful navy completely isolated the New England Colonies from the West Indies, and in order to be in communication with his business of sugar-planting, Mr. Vassall was compelled to go to England, where he took up his residence at Clapham. When the Thirteen Colonies achieved their Independence they confiscated the property of absentees, and this was very hard on poor Mr. Vassall, the only disloyal member of an ultra-loyal family.

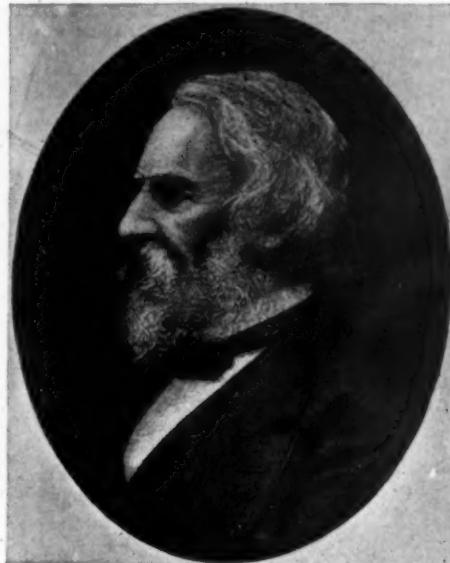
An ancestor of his had subscribed two ships to Drake's fleet which defeated the Armada; he was Lord Mayor or M.P. for the City, I forget which. Mr. Vassall's own son fought in Nelson's ship at the battle of the Nile, but Mr. Vassall's sympathies were with the rebels. It was only after their injustice in maintaining the confiscation of his property, because the prosecution of his business as a sugar-planter had compelled him to leave Boston for England, that he threw himself, heart and soul, into the rôle of a loyalist who had lost his property in New England by his devotion to Old England.

I never was in Elmwood, Lowell's home, but I know the Longfellow House well. Miss Alice Longfellow, the daughter of the poet, entertained me in the beautiful old colonial house called formerly Craigie House, which is immortalised by its connection with the poetry and personality of Longfellow. It is a stately, wooden colonnaded mansion with a fine staircase. Longfellow's study was on the ground floor, and with the exception of changing the plants and the flowers, everything is kept just as he left it. Miss Longfellow gave me the run of the room, told me that I could take out and examine anything if I put it back

in exactly the same place as I found it. The most interesting things in the room are the bound-up volumes of his manuscripts, which were written in pencil in a large freehand on rough paper such as is used for printing newspapers. Longfellow first resided in Craigie House as a boarder, and became so attached to it that, as soon as he could afford it, he bought it. I never was in Holmes's house in Cambridge. When I knew him he lived in Beacon Street, Boston, and Longfellow being dead and Lowell away ambassadoring in England, the great centre of literary life in Cambridge was the hospitable house of Mr. Houghton, the publisher, where so many notable English authors have been entertained, two of whom, Dickens and Matthew Arnold, gave mortal offence within those walls.

For Matthew Arnold's special delectation, Boston beans, which are prepared with bacon and are so identified with Boston literary life and Boston Sabbaths, had been provided as an *entrée*. Instead of being pleased, he was very sarcastic, and said it was an outrage bringing a dish

which smelt like that into polite society. This took place at a dinner-party, and his onslaught outraged every one present except the host. Dickens's ebullition of temper, which cost his heirs and assigns so dearly, took place in the library. Mr. Houghton said to him that, as he could not prevent other houses republishing Dickens's works without payment, since there was no copyright, he could not afford to pay him more than a five per cent. royalty, but he was prepared to pay that. It was at a time when the American green-back had been terribly depreciated by the war. Dickens completely lost his temper, and said, "Well, if you won't give me more than that, I don't want any of your



HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

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dirty money. It is not worth anything, anyhow." When Mr. Houghton told me this story he added that, just for his own satisfaction, he had always kept an account of the money that would have been paid to Dickens and his heirs, and it amounted to a good many thousand pounds. Which reminds me of another story that Oliver Wendell Holmes told me when we were sitting in his library taking a cup of tea. "Look at this, Mr. Sladen," he said, showing two newspaper cuttings pasted side by side, "that is the only revenge I ever took." The first of the cuttings was a virulent review of Holmes's "Dorothy Q.," published when it first came out. The success of the poem was instant and absolute. Some busybody told Dr. Holmes who had written the review. The merry, good-hearted little man took no notice of it at the time, but years later, when he came upon a paragraph in another paper, announcing the failure and suicide of the man who had written the review, he cut it out and pasted it alongside of the review. Dr. Holmes was a very natty man in his habits. His books looked as if they were dusted every day and never taken from their shelves for

any other purpose; and the large drawer in his writing-table was a honeycomb of tiny divisions, each of which contained a separate article of stationery, such as nibs, elastic bands, sealing-wax, paper-fasteners, pins, wafers, stamps, even sandpaper for smoothing over an erasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, very good-naturedly, gave a large literary party that we might meet the lions of Boston. The central figure was a little man with a big round head thickly clad with very silvery hair, a very merry clean-shaven face, a short nose, and an almost childish mouth. The little man was dressed entirely in black and wore black gloves. It was the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and the mouth, which retained its childish charm to the last, was



HORACE SCUDDER

always smiling. When the authoress of "Marry-Ann" was presented to him, she said that she would not say anything nice about his books, because she was sure he must be sick of flattery. "On the contrary, Madam," he said, "I can never get enough of it. I am the vainest man alive. I need it all now. I cannot write any more books, because I cannot resist answering all the pretty letters I get from people, with my own hand. That alone makes almost more work than a man of my age can do." Then he laughed so heartily that he relapsed into a fit of asthmatic coughing which turned him black in the face. I thought he was going to choke, but in a few minutes he was smiling away as merrily as ever. It was almost immediately after this that he had the passage-of-arms with my boy, who was then about seven years old, which tickled him so immensely. The child was in his natural place—near the refreshment table. "Why don't you help yourself, little man?" said the Doctor. "Because I haven't any fork," responded the child. "Never mind, fingers were made before forks." "But not my fingers!"

Mr. Whittier was an equally great friend of the Houghtons, but at that time was too infirm to go out to large parties. He asked us to his own birthday party instead. Francis Parkman, the Macaulay of America, the most brilliant of American historians, the man who exposed the historical falsity of Longfellow's "Evangeline," was also a confirmed invalid—bedridden, I think, but I never saw him. And Mr. Parsons, the poet, who was always expected to rival Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and Whittier, but never quite came off, was a good deal of a recluse. Among the other principal literary stars who revolved round the house of Houghton were Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, at that time editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and one of the most

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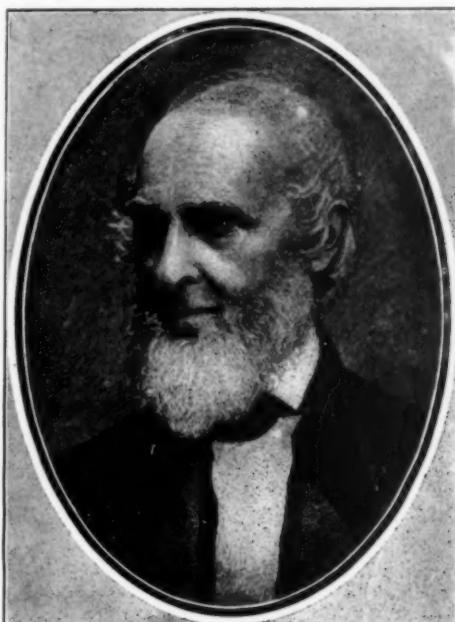
delightful of the younger American poets; and Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of those famous books, "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," and "An Old Maid's Paradise," who was at that time engaged, but not married, to young Mr. Ward. She was a shy, retiring, rather Quakerish-looking woman, but I am not sure that she was a Quaker, though her intimacy with Whittier makes it likely.

Mrs. L. F. Deland (Margaret Deland) was then a young woman of twenty-something, who was not sure if her fame was to be made as a poetess or a novelist. She had written garden poems instinct with the Herrickian muse, and in "John Ward, Preacher," had just provided the American public with a native "Robert Elsmere." She was pretty as well as young, with remarkably bright colouring, and very modest about her work. Mrs. Annie Ticknor Fields, the widow of the publisher who had formerly been head of Mr. Houghton's firm, occupied a very great literary position in Boston. Her writings had a certain charm, and people always spoke of her writings; but she was really more important as the intimate of great authors and the Mæcenas of small ones. Miss Edna Dean Proctor had at that time only written her book of Russian travel and not her "Zuni" poem, but her intellectual capabilities were always recognised. Mr. W. D. Howells, the famous novelist, whom we did not know till we went to New York, had recently forsaken Boston, where he had been editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" for the commercial metropolis. His place was very appropriately taken by a New Yorker—Mr. Bronson Howard, the playwright, brother-in-law of Charles Wyndham, the

actor, and very well known already for "The Henrietta," "Brighton," and other successful plays. He was in Boston to superintend the production of the "Shenandoah," the first great play founded on the war between the North and the South, which was produced there on account of Boston's well-known dispassionateness and freedom from prejudice. It proved, of course, a gigantic success—in fact, one of the most successful plays ever written up to that time. Other literary men there were of a more solid order, such as Mr. Justin Winsor, the historian and librarian of Harvard College; Mr. John Fiske, the historian; and Mr. Horace Scudder, at that time sub-editor and now editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," who was already very well known as the author of "The Bodley Books." And Celia Thaxter was there from her home in the Isles of Shoals, which inspire so much of her poetry, at that time among the most successful poetry of the day.

Mr. Houghton's house was, outside of the University, the only literary centre in Cambridge. Space forbids my going into detail

about Bishop Phillips Brooks's Church; or the great expeditions sent by Mrs. Hemmenway to examine the Zuni Indians, one of the few races of men who have existed unchanged since prehistoric times; or the magnificent libraries and institutions for education and culture with which Boston abounds. The Boston Public Library is one of the finest in the country. But we did not go to Boston to see buildings, barring the old historical buildings. Boston is built of something more enduring than the Horatian marble or brass; her foundations are co-extensive with the foundations of American literature.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Thomas

AN AUSTRALIAN STORY

BY ETHEL TURNER, AUTHOR OF 'SEVEN LITTLE AUSTRALIANS'

THE chief road at Beverley made three bends when once it had finished its straight, respectable course through the town itself, and, no longer blue-metalled, ran a joyous, rough, erratic career upwards to where gardens and stretches of undisturbed bush proclaimed suburban life.

At every bend stood a school, fair augury for Beverley's future culture.

St. Anne's perched highest of all; up where the feckless road, out of breath, went to lose itself in the paddocks of the sheep-station, Murwillumbra.

Beverley had stood an inch higher in its shoes since this imposing structure had come to crown its heights. It liked to shade its eyes and look up to see the sun expending itself in an afternoon on the handsome red tiles of the building—itself had gone soberly roofed in grey for all its days. Tennis courts built up at great expense stretched their black lengths above the playground.

There were a gymnasium, a chemistry school, a carpenter's shop, and quite a colony of stables for the pupils' ponies. Beverley was fond of taking up its visitors to view the place, and used to display the advantages with a proud air of proprietorship.

Going thankfully downwards towards its tea and evening rest it would point with kindly but familiar finger at the school that nestled in the next bend. "Only Bartlett's," it would say; "very old-fashioned, of course." But after that St. Anne's would be pushed out of the conversation to make room for the tales of prowess of Bartlett's boys.

There were no laboratories here, no tennis courts, no well-appointed stables and well-groomed equines. Only a great cottage standing among native trees, a wilderness of wild, sweet garden one side, and some acres of ground the other, sacred to cricket and football—this was "Bartlett's."

In the third school—Baroda House—blue eyes and brown and grey were wistfully turning ever up the hill to those higher regions. Miss Lawrence's twenty girls here lived and moved and had their being,

and twice that number climbed the hill daily to share with them such things as questionable French, strange mathematics, and unimpeachable geography.

Time was when the red-letter days of the Baroda girls' calendar had been the various happenings at "Bartlett's," the half-yearly cricket match on the Beverley Oval, the annual sports, the boat-racing on the shallow little river, the football tussles in the school paddock on the occasions when Mrs. Bartlett, the most popular woman in the town, dispensed tea and laughter in a shady tent hard by.

And the Bartlett athletes had taken the girls' worship very much as their due, and not infrequently had treated delicate attentions with lordly indifference. Miss Lawrence, to accustom her girls to receive and entertain visitors without the self-consciousness of the ungrown girl, instituted monthly evenings at which different girls played the part of hostesses, undertaking the responsibility of the invitations, refreshments, and entertainment.

Twelve Bartlett boys were always asked, the rest of the company being made up of the fathers, mothers, and various Beverley friends.

The Bartlett boys considered they were conferring a benefit upon the girls by their attendance, and if anything more interesting happened unexpectedly they would stay away with laconic indifference, or send as substitutes the little boys of ten and twelve whom Baroda despised.

Still the girls were forced to be humble, for the Beverley youth not of this school inclined to the usual shy clumsiness of the embryo squatter or selector; the most piqued young lady could not but admit the superiority of the "Bartletts."

There was something in the atmosphere of that big rambling cottage that made gentlemen of the lads beneath its roof. Perhaps it was the big, fine manliness of the headmaster, who treated lying and dishonour as miserable cowardice, and was so magnificently and loudly wrathful at the smallest evidence of it, that a boy was brave who sought subterfuge a second time. Perhaps

it was the sweet womanliness of his young wife, who did not shut herself up from the forty "rampageous" youths, but was among them continually, delightfully dressed, delightfully pretty, and so dainty, and so generally delicate-looking, that the veriest lout found himself trying to freshen up and be "a man." And there were two tiny girls running everywhere, and tumbling down and getting hurt so perpetually that chivalry was in continual demand.

But those young misses down at Baroda, who invited boys continually to "evenings," and looked love at them in church, and wrote secret notes to them on the smallest provocation, they made them feel themselves such fine young fellows that the day of their humbling could not be far off.

It came with the building of St. Anne's.

There had been a football fight one Saturday afternoon, and the Baroda girls had angled so desperately for an invitation that Mrs. Bartlett had thoughtlessly extended it. The boys looked blank when Miss Lawrence and her band fluttered into the paddock in their freshest frocks and ribands, just as the game was ready to start.

"Oh, bother those girls," said Crofton, the full back, "I'm sick of the sight of them." And Elsie Downing—or as she preferred to spell herself Elcye—distinctly overheard, and she had loved this splendid young hero, and seen his face in her history and geography and grammar books for three long months.

Boys were told off to pitch the shady tent, others had to run about with the cups of tea these girls always seemed to expect; no one could be quite as rough and boisterous as they had wanted. Thomas Marchant told his sister Hilary, that Crofton and Larkin and Burbridge and all the big fellows said they'd "be hanged if they were going to have the girls messin' round as often as all this."

Baroda went home and shed tears of mortification. It said it would have nothing more to do with "those Bartletts" as long as it lived. And it is a fact, that on the following Sunday it closed its eyes coldly and turned up its nose at the string of boys, who, be it said for them, were always willing to frivol as much as possible with the girls on the journeys to and from church, and also, alas! upon any opportunity that occurred during the service.

But at the end of the month, when an

"evening" was near, Nea Elwyn asked the hostesses what boys she had requested Miss Lawrence to invite. And those young persons, to wit, Elcye Downing and Ethel—otherwise Ethyll Moore—went red when they confessed to Crofton and Larkin and Burbridge and such.

"Well, of all little geese!" cried Nea, who had so many brothers that she could find nothing to interest her in boys.

"We couldn't help it," said the hostesses dolefully; "we don't want to have a stupid evening like Mary Griffiths' was."

But when St. Anne's was at length finished and occupied, it slowly dawned upon the lordly young men at Dr. Bartlett's that they were being neglected.

It was Thomas Marchant who was the means of introducing the red-tiled residence to Baroda.

Thomas was thirteen, stout, "stodgy" looking; he had dull, almost sad blue eyes, and pale hair that stuck out over his forehead. Hilary, the sister, was three years older, and curiously different. Sharp-featured, thin as a rail, joints and angles everywhere; but brilliant dark eyes lent an odd fascination to her face, and the brow-breadth made it remarkable. On that stout little brother at Dr. Bartlett's she lavished all the warmth of her fierce young affection. The two were orphans, and would be abundantly wealthy; they were without kith or kin in the world but an old uncle, and ridiculous as it seemed, Hilary was in practical possession of all the big estate her father had left, and was sole guardian of Thomas.

People said that father's mind was not quite right when he made such a will. But he himself and his brother had been kept out of an inheritance almost all their lives by dishonest trustees, and had by constant misfortune become strangely warped in their minds against their fellow-men. They amassed money by their own efforts later and clung to it tenaciously; in his young daughter Hilary the younger brother recognised a singularly clear head and sure judgment—he trained these carefully.

So when Death came for him in Australia, whether he had brought his motherless children, he had a will ready that confounded every one. Sixty thousand pounds, and that little thin-faced girl free to fling it to the winds if so she wished. She was recommended in a paragraph of the will to ask advice in any difficulty she might come

Thomas

to of her uncle and the solicitors of the estate; no other restraint was laid upon her.

To satisfy legal requirements the uncle was left as nominal guardian, but he was a queer, dull-witted fellow without a thought in life, now he had come to money, but making himself comfortable. He had had quite enough of interference during his own young days, and was only too thankful to be able to feel he was carrying out his dead brother's wishes by doing nothing at all, and letting Hilary go entirely her own way.

In the event of the girl's early death the money was to go to Thomas, with—the father had no confidence in that dull, thick little head—the solicitors as trustees. In the event of the deaths of both, to charities. Hilary picked up her reins with cool fingers.

"Put all the money safely by, please, Mr. Redmond," she said, "only leave out enough for us to go to school with. Do you know of any good schools?"

Mr. Redmond with thankfulness mentioned the Beverley ones, where his own children had been sent; he had quite expected the young lady would want to set up a big establishment, and make the town talk of his esteemed client's folly.

Hilary journeyed to Beverley and interviewed the head-master at St. Anne's and Dr. Bartlett; she asked to see the bedrooms, and inquired with much anxiety whether good tables were kept. Something in the home atmosphere of the old-fashioned cottage appealed to the little girl, who had lived a strange nomadic existence in hotels and boarding-houses; but finally St. Anne's prevailed, for there would be a separate well-furnished bedroom for Thomas there, instead of the somewhat comfortless-looking bed in a room with ten others which was all Dr. Bartlett could offer.

"My brother shall come next Monday," she said; "and please may I see him very often?"

"Certainly," said the head-master. "Do you purpose taking up your residence also in Beverley?"

He could not but feel it was all a joke, this quaint little guardian arranging with him about his new pupil.

"Oh," said Hilary, "I have to find a school for myself now; I'm only sixteen, you know. There is a good one here, isn't there? Mr. Redmond told me of a Miss Lawrence."

To Baroda House therefore she went, and entered herself as a resident pupil, not troubling in this instance to inquire if the table was a good one and the bedroom comfortable.

She asked for no more luxuries or indulgences than any of the girls received, but certain little erratic doings in her Miss Lawrence felt obliged to be blind to. She was by no means a mercenary woman, but her purse was not large enough for her to rashly offend a pupil who paid a hundred guineas a year, and had it in her power to walk out of the school if so she listed at five minutes' notice. Therefore if the brilliant eyes were suddenly missing from a geography class or a Euclid lesson, she would pretend not to notice the fact. She—and all the girls too—would know Hilary was toiling up the hot hill to "see if Thomas was all right."

And at St. Anne's, too, irregularities had to be overlooked. Thomas paid very handsome fees, and the proprietor of the expensive school was so far working at a loss; he had to become used to a thin, sallow little face peering suddenly into his schoolroom in the midst of a lesson, and to brilliant, anxious eyes seeking out the stodgy Thomas.

"May I speak to Thomas?" she would sometimes call out, and Thomas would sigh with relief at the break in his detested lesson, and move across the floor to her, hardly waiting for permission.

The head-master remonstrated with her once or twice, but it was almost useless; indeed, when the girl turned her pathetic eyes on him, and said with a little heave of her breast, "I have to keep seeing he is safe," he felt he could not refuse. And she tried to meet his wishes too. "I won't keep him three minutes—please don't mind that," she begged. She shortened thereafter her anxious questions—"All right, Thomas? you don't feel ill? Did you eat your breakfast? And slept all right?" Satisfactory answers to these queries, and the boy's general appearance of well-being, contented her, and she would slip away as hastily as she had come. Sometimes Thomas would try to linger and improve on the grateful interruption. "Don't go, Hil. Oh, stop a bit longer, we're doing the beastliest sums," he would implore. But Hilary was adamant, and used to give him a quick little push back to the door. "Go back at once," she would say sharply,

"you'll never learn anything—do you think I want you to be a dunce?"

So the boy would sigh and return to his seat and sums. He had a way of his own of disarming his fellows' ridicule over such events. "Pooh, you're jealous," he would say easily, "you only wish you could get off like that."

The boys grew to have a contemptuous but kindly feeling for him in the end. He was so inoffensive, so fat, so entirely

my collar-bone," he yawned when the boys scathed him. He would not boat. "No fun in getting drowned," he said.

There had been a disposition to "take it out of him" by knocks and blows, and such school-boy methods, at first, but the proprietor himself interfered and helped in the "taking care" process, remembering, with a shrug of his shoulders, Hilary's stipulations.

So Thomas went his way and the other



HILARY INTERVIEWS THE HEAD-MASTER

impregnable when they flung their vain satirical arrows.

Taking care of himself had become the creed of his life; a foolish worshipping mother had made him do this from his earliest babyhood, and Hilary, lonely Hilary, with no one else to spend her love upon, preached the dear notion perpetually. Thomas made no objection, he was far too lazy; he seemed to regard his solid little body as an antiquarian might a priceless Sévres vase. He played cricket mildly—football not at all. "Don't want to break

boys went theirs. They were a different set of lads entirely here from those at Dr. Bartlett's. Wealthier by far,—the fees here were double those lower down the hill—town boys chiefly, the sons, in many cases, of parents with more money than culture.

They played tennis more than cricket or football, and they betted and played cards in their bedrooms for money, and occasionally smuggled in wine and cigars.

Miss Lawrence's girls found them charming. Miss Lawrence herself looked at them

Thomas

doubtfully ; the occasional companionship of Dr. Bartlett's rough-and-ready lads she thought good and bracing for her girls, but she hesitated at the old young men from the hill top, who were always well-dressed, most polite and assiduous in their attentions. But when St. Anne's gave a dance, and later theatricals, she was obliged to take her flock, for most of them were Beverley girls, and the good-natured parents had given their consent.

After that Thomas used to act as a go-between, and carry silly notes backwards and forwards on the occasion when he came to have tea with his sister. He even caught the infection himself, and one bold day wrote a note himself to the tallest and most grown-up girl in the school. "Dear Miss Edith Cuthell," it ran, "you are the nicest girl anywhere, I love you, do you love me? I send you a present. Your loving Thomas Marchant." With it was enclosed a large three-and-sixpenny silver brooch, purchased in Beverley.

The Bartlett boys' most handsome gifts had never gone beyond conversations, peppermints, or flowers from Mrs. Bartlett's garden.

St. Anne's, with more pocket-money than it knew how to use, bought handsome boxes of chocolates, scent-bottles, even on occasion little gold brooches.

Baroda was heavily taxed to find hiding-places for these ; Miss Lawrence, liberal-minded, gave her girls a good deal of liberty, but they knew she would disapprove of this.

There came the cricket match, when St. Anne's stood up reluctantly against the somewhat insulting challenge of the Bartlett boys. By four o'clock the old school had won a brilliant victory, and the heated players strutted out on the lawn to be made much of in customary fashion by the Beverley crowd and the school-girls. But presently Crofton was seen with a very blank look on his face ; Burbridge wore a frown, and Wilson and the others looked about unsmilingly.

"Well, I never!" said Crofton below his breath. To a girl Baroda was decked with the red and brown ribbons of St. Anne.

At last on closer scrutiny he found one exception. Over near the railing, adjacent to Thomas, Hilary fluttered an orange and blue scrap of silk from her dress front. He went across to her.

"Well, there's one nice girl left," he said, and bent his pleasantest look upon her.

Hilary blushed to the eyes ; Crofton was a magnificent lad, with a most open, pleasing face, merry eyes, and delightfully curly hair. All the girls at Baroda had been in love with him one after the other, but he had half-a-dozen sisters at home, and seemed absolutely incapable of treating any girls differently from the way he treated them. He took a pleasure in helping them, finding comfortable places for them, getting them tea, carrying anything for them, but as to squeezing their hands or giving them sentimental looks, they might just as readily have expected such things from Toby, the doctor's old half-blind horse.

He was a splendid son to have—it half broke his mother's heart when holidays were over and he went away ; a grand brother—the half-dozen sisters adored him, the three younger brothers thought him the finest fellow in the world, and modelled themselves so entirely and so trustfully upon him he could hardly dare go wrong. During his last holidays he had told the home folks about Hilary and Thomas, and what a fine prospect there was of Thomas being absolutely ruined.

The mother was interested in the lonely children.

"If ever you can give that unfortunate little boy a helping hand, try to," she had said ; "think if Bert, or Will, or Jack were left to be ruined like that."

He thought of her words for the first time that quarter when he saw Hilary's brave orange and blue, and espied at a little distance the promising Thomas laying odds with a little "Yiddisher" or a fight between two dogs that had strayed in. He sat down on the bench beside her, and talked cricket and football to her, lending to the gallant games all his young enthusiasm of language. Hilary was carried away by his eloquence, and found herself considering sports of more importance than anything else in the world.

"I must make Thomas play," she said, and looked from this splendid young hero beside her to where the redoubtable Tommy, undersized, pasty-faced, was betting six-pence to a shilling on the fox-terrier.

"Of course you must," the boy said heartily ; "if he were at old Bartie's he'd just have to play. But liven him up, can't you?—you really oughtn't to let him get as fat as that."



"NOBODY LIKES YOU," HILARY SAID

"I wish I were a boy," Hilary said, sighing.

"You'd be a jolly nice one," said Crofton, and meant it, she was so bright and agile-looking.

Hilary went home and dreamt all night of the youth whose bright light curls "made all his forehead like the rising sun." She became filled with the glorious aspiration to make Thomas exactly like him.

She was missing all English history the next morning, and her scarlet, heated face peeped into the hot school-room in the midst of an algebra lesson.

"May I speak to Thomas, please?" she said, and nervously, for she was somewhat afraid of this young Cambridge master who was taking the class, he had such a frank hatred for Thomas.

"Marchant, go and let your sister see your tongue," he said, his temper brittle with the heat and annoyance of all these dull young blockheads. Thomas gave his

customary sigh of relief, and stood up. The master glared at him; it exasperated him unutterably having so continually to "make allowances for Thomas."

"I won't keep him very long," Hilary said, deprecatingly.

"Then you'd better," returned the master; "if I see him again just yet I'll feel compelled to break his miserable little head."

Thomas was quite unconcerned; he took his sister to a shady corner.

"Oh, he's often like that," he said comfortably, when she would have a reason; "he don't like me much, I expect."

"Nobody likes you," Hilary said tempestuously.

Thomas fanned himself with a newspaper.

"My troubles!" he said.

Hilary lashed herself up into a passion; he made out presently, from the torrent of language, that he was to play cricket and football all day and every day, indeed it was not clear that he was not expected

Thomas

to go on wrestling and batting all night too.

And to a curious degree he possessed the virtue of obedience to Hilary, it was the habit of a lifetime; he knew now that cricket and football he must play.

"There's one blessing," he said, after unhappy meditation on this threatened disturbance of his life, "they don't play here these hot days, I shan't have to do it till winter."

"Not play on hot days! Why, Bartlett's had a match even that frightful Saturday; they don't care for a bit of sun," cried Hilary.

"Glad I'm not a Bartlett," said the incorrigible Thomas.

Hilary prepared to go.

"I want ten shillings," said Thomas.

"You can want it," said Hilary; "I'm not going to have you a spendthrift. You had your pocket-money on Saturday; what did you spend it on?"

Thomas looked guilty.

"Mums the word," he said.

"Tell me instantly," she cried.

"Mums the word," he repeated.

"I know you spent some on that silly brooch," she said. "Clara Cameron showed it to me, and oh, she did laugh. Here it is back; she says it will come in useful to fasten your bib on."

Tommy went red as a turkey-cock.

"What else?" insisted Hilary. "That didn't cost much; you must have some left."

Thomas went to turn his pockets out to show their honest emptiness, but felt something that made him clutch one together guiltily again. But Hilary pounced on him and had the thing out in a second.

"Cigarettes!" she cried; "you bad, wicked boy!"

She dragged him to a secluded place, and by dint of threatening and cajoling and petting she was soon in possession of the story of wine-drinking, and betting, and smoking.

In an hour she stood up, pale but decided.

"You are going to leave here," she said.

Thomas cried a little.

"Don't tell him it was me bought the cigarettes," he said; "Lucas and Myers and Josephs did."

But Hilary had a less elementary view of school honour than he, and merely walked into the head-master's room and

stated that she wished to take Thomas away.

He was fussy, indignant, and tried by every means in his power to find the reason of the sudden resolve; Hilary remained doggedly silent. Thomas was to come away, and at once; she was quite willing to pay all the next quarter's fees in lieu of notice, but give any reason she firmly refused to do.

And an hour later the two were walking down the hill, and the housekeeper was packing Master Thomas' luggage to send it after.

That was the beginning of a terrible time for Thomas. Dr. Bartlett entirely refused to take extra fees for any indulgences or luxuries; if the boy came to him he must fare just as the forty other boys fared.

Hilary glanced at the narrow, somewhat uncomfortable-looking bed in the big dormitory and sighed, but said nothing; after all, Crofton had lain on such a bed since he was twelve.

"He—he will get a good table, will he not?" she asked nervously; this big, strong-voiced man was very different to deal with from the fussy owner of St. Anne's.

The head-master glanced rather contemptuously at the corpulent Thomas whose fate was being now settled.

"He won't go hungry," he said, "but I have little doubt he will grumble considerably for a few weeks."

Then something in the girl's anxious, unhappy eyes softened him, and he led her away to another room, where his wife was sitting on a hassock, drinking weak currant water out of a doll's tea-cup, her tiny hostesses plying her solicitously with crumbs of cake and apple bread-and-butter.

"Tell this little girl, Ellie," he said, "that Thomas will get as much attention as is good for him."

Mrs. Bartlett won the girl's heart; Hilary went home a couple of hours later saying to herself, "Oh, surely, surely this is none of me!" for had she not practically consented to the system Dr. Bartlett said he must pursue, and by which the luckless Tommy would come in for a good many more kicks than ha'pence?

Had she not even promised that she would not pop that anxious face of hers into the school-room door, to the undoing of Tommy's latent manliness and self-respect?

"If you will promise only to see him once a month," said Mrs. Bartlett, "for, my dear

girl, you are his greatest enemy. I will write you constant bulletins of his health and doings."

So Hilary had to sleep, night after night, with no better assuagement to her ceaseless worrying than that afforded by Mrs. Bartlett's half-laughing little notes,—“Thomas, his Faring,”—the hasty pencil would say. “A little pensive this morning, only porridge and coffee, and bread and jam. Wasn't hungry at first, but finding nothing else was coming, fell to in despair. Has been on his poor feet all day, no lessons as it is Saturday; some one sent him twice up the hill on errands; Crofton worked him to death fielding at cricket; Burnside took him down to the river to teach him to pull, and ducked him in twice, when he found he couldn't swim and didn't want to learn. But it's all right, little girl; he's making a prodigious tea at present—of plain roast mutton—and is talking in almost an animated fashion. I believe he is thinner already.”

On another day,—“Thomas, his Reduction.—Is getting over his hatred for porridge, and was a second Oliver Twist this morning. Feel quite proud to record that he and another little boy about his age have a black eye apiece.”

The new path was indeed a stony one for the tender feet of poor Thomas. No one seemed to have a bit of pity for him; Crofton would work him like a nigger on the play-grounds, even forcing him to football among other terrors, and then tell him—pleasantly enough, it is true, but there was no appeal—to “cut down into Beverley and get six lemonades and a dozen of oranges, and look sharp.” He came in for the roughest usage in the dormitory; the masters were stone deaf to excuses about undone lessons, and he staggered under impositions, and was even touched up once or twice with a cane.

“I suppose you are dying to leave,” said Hilary with a thrill of pity, yet admiration, when at the end of a month he came to tea with her and recounted his sufferings. But Thomas was not quite sure of that. Mrs. Bartlett opened her sitting-room door to him sometimes in the midst of the warfare, and invited him to tea with her; she never preached, but by the time he went away he had his head held up and his shoulders braced; he respected himself, and was going to make those grinning boys do the same.

“Oh, I don't mind stopping a bit longer,”

he said in an off-hand way. He unwillingly recognised the fact that at St. Anne's he would never get the chance of becoming like Crofton—Crofton who knocked him about and worked him unconsciously, but who was the first person who had ever aroused a feeling of ardent admiration in his stodgy little soul.

“If it wasn't for Wilson, I'd get along all right,” he said; “he gives me an awful time of it. Why couldn't he have stopped up at St. Anne's?”

“He looks ill and miserable,” said Hilary, whose sympathies were enlarging now her care of Thomas was restricted.

“He makes us ill and miserable,” said Thomas callously. “The fellows say his girl has given him up, so he takes it out of us. Serves him right.”

Wilson was the impatient master who had been so intolerant of Tommy's indulgences at St. Anne's. He had quarrelled lately with his head-master, and a vacancy occurring at Dr. Bartlett's, he had followed Tommy there. Undoubtedly his temperament was an unfortunate one; undoubtedly he was unhappy. His dark young passionate face and bitter lips caused the Baroda girls to make up all manner of romances about him. No one rightly knew his story, but it was generally guessed he had done something to ruin his life in England, and had come here to retrieve past days or ruin future ones. St. Anne's had taken him because his scholarship was unquestionable and he was cheap; Dr. Bartlett, because his keen eyes found quickly much was amiss with the young man, and he paused before sending him further lest his own should be the hand destined to help here and he should miss the chance.

But what a delight he seemed to take now in making the life of Thomas a burden; small need had there been of the head-master's orders, “Don't excuse anything in that boy—treat him rather more severely than the others; he has been ruined by indulgence all his life.”

He used to make a mock of the unfortunate lad now he had a free hand, sneer at his avoirdupois, his thick young head, the mothering he received from Hilary. Poor fat Tommy used to go away to clench his hands after school. “I'd like to shoot him,” he used to say to the boys, “shoot his black head off.”

In two months, however, the salvation of Thomas seemed so assured a thing that Dr.

Thomas

Bartlett himself occasionally relaxed and patted his head after a lesson, or said, "Caught, sir," when his buttered fingers actually caught a ball. He had forgotten the strange fascination of laying odds of two to one on everything; he no longer found sipping at nasty wine at midnight suppers was the most adventurous thing in the world; he was rather relieved that no one down here expected him to make himself deadly ill with villainous cigarettes.

And then Josephs followed him down from St Anne's. He was a Jewish youth of most objectionable type—older than any of the other boys—nineteen or twenty perhaps, and so hopelessly backward that his parents in despair kept him year after useless year at school. St. Anne's owed its low moral state particularly to him.

When the story of the Marchant children became known to him, the instinct of all his ancestors caused him to see instantly what a rare prize in the marriage market Hilary would be.

He was quite aware that his parents had not a very high opinion of his brain-power, and he had long resented it; now it became the aim of his vicious young existence to force them to speechless admiration for his speculative genius in engaging himself to this unhampered young heiress before the world scented the bargain.

He began to make overtures to Hilary. The girl was shy, and blushed in a half-angry, half-startled way when she found his heavy dark eyes following her every movement with an adoring expression; she had none of the youthful coquetry of Ethyll and Eleye, and remained mute, awkward, helpless, when he protested she was the most beautiful girl in the school, and her image was always before him.

It was a disappointment to him that she was not beautiful; he had all the young Hebraic love of the artistic, and Hilary's sharp angles, thin face, and plainly done hair continually offended him; still he persevered dauntlessly in spite of her most evident shrinking from his compliments and eye-language.

The girl detested him, and it had been an unutterable relief to her when Thomas' removal from St. Anne's made their meetings of less frequent occurrence.

But Josephs would not let his chance of such a prize slip quite so simply through his fingers.

He intimated to his fond old mother that

St. Anne's was a bold bad place, where he was being led into the wicked ways of gambling and smoking. He begged to be removed to the purer atmosphere that prevailed in the school lower down the hill. The mother sent instant consent.

Dr. Bartlett was away on a holiday at the time, and the master in charge received the new pupil in the ordinary way; that wiser head would have found an excuse for not taking such a palpably black sheep into his healthy flock, and indeed on his return determined on the slightest evidence of ill example to send the youth away.

Thomas' heart sank when, in coming up one day, grimy, perspiring, panting from the football ground, he found Josephs seated on a locker, and dangling his legs negligently while he took stock of his new companions.

In the St. Anne days Thomas had been a silly little puppet in his hands—flattered at the notice of so old a boy, and weakly and nervously following him in all his questionable doings. Following after Crofton was like being out in a clean sea-breeze after a sickly hot-house.

Josephs winked at Thomas, whose heart sank still lower; presently he drew him over to a corner. "Wonder they took us bad characters on at this Sunday School, isn't it?" he said. Thomas looked at him helplessly.

"S'pose, however, you've taken some of its starch out of it by this," Josephs continued facetiously, "showed it a thing or two—eh, Tommy?"

"I—I—never do things now," stuttered Thomas. "D—d—don't tell them, Josephs, what I used to d—d—do, will you?" His blue eyes sought the dark ones in an agony of helpless fear. Was all his self-respect and growing manliness to be undone by this companion of his evil days?

Josephs chuckled to himself when he found how easy it was to bring the boy under his thumb again. "All right, mum's the word," he said; "that is, unless you go and do things that rile me. How's your lovely sister?"

Thomas said uneasily she was "All right."

"How's the old uncle? Lets her do what she likes yet?"

"Yes," said Thomas.

"Let's see, how old is she,—the graceful and beauteous Hilary?"

Thomas didn't know. Thought she was seventeen,—or fourteen—or something,—

and—and,—and please might he go, Crofton wanted him.

"Never mind Crofton! you'll stop here till I've done with you," said Josephs. "Light up."

Thomas shivered. They were strolling now in the tangle of bush behind the school.

"Take one, you little dolt," said Josephs, and extended the cigarettes. Thomas looked at them as if they were dynamite.

"I d—d—don't," he began.

"Take one," repeated Josephs, and his voice changed somewhat.

"T—t—thank you," said Thomas, and took it miserably from him.

In a month Thomas's eyes had grown shifty again; he seemed to be growing stouter. Hilary noticed the falling away. She resolved to beg Crofton to redouble his vigilance, and keep him away as much as possible from that "hateful Jew boy."

A strange feeling of uneasiness and impending disaster clung to her one thunderous Saturday.

The air had hung thick and still and hot since the night before, for the cool southerly breeze which usually restored Beverley to life on summer nights had forgotten to come up, and the hush and intense heat still hung, a horrid, invisible shroud, over the town, and the runaway road up the hill.

The girl tried her best to shake the feeling off, to ascribe it to the weather, and struggled all the morning to keep to her usual duties.

But when four o'clock came, and the brooding air had never moved, and the light, pale flames of the bush fires still burnt persistently in the Murwillumbra paddocks, and added smoke to the heat of the almost intolerable atmosphere, then she laid down the darning which was Saturday's task at Baroda, and five minutes later was posting up the hill.

She caught up to Smithers and little Jones, who had been all the four miles to Beverley and back to buy a bottle of lemonade each. She found from them that Thomas had gone out early in the afternoon with Josephs, and that they had turned to the left and gone into the bush.

On again up the blinding road went Hilary, on to where began the bush tangle. She plunged into it and pressed forward with straining eyes; the presentiment of evil had deepened into conviction; something was wrong, terribly wrong,—all that

now remained was for her starting eyes to find it out.

They were swift in doing so.

Half a hundred yards away she could see the long inert figure of a man with his head fallen back curiously; she recognised the white flannels and the old blazer, and sprang across the ground. Poor Wilson's dark young face was staring at her. She gave a shuddering little cry that the thick undergrowth seemed to catch and muffle, but at the sound branches crashed softly, and footsteps sounded on the crackling leaves. Josephs appeared, then Thomas,—Thomas with eyes almost fixed with horror, and sheet-pale face, and forehead wet with drops of terror. Josephs seemed calm, but was white perhaps. He advanced a step and put a steady arm round Hilary, seeing she swayed about, and she leaned against him quite heedless of her dislike; all her life she would be unable to forget the expression of those poor wild young eyes whose light had just gone out.

Here was the happening. Tommy had recently spent fifteen shillings on the purchase of a Belgian revolver; firearms had always had a most curious fascination for the boy, and the sight of this bright little toy in a window of Beverley, together with the fact that a sovereign was jingling in his pocket, proved too much for him. Josephs too, who was with him, urged the purchase, not that he had any liking for such things, but his nature always enjoyed anything illicit.

Thomas went about for a week with shifty uneasy eyes, the thing buried at the bottom of his trunk. This Saturday afternoon he and Josephs had gone off some distance into the bush to try the precious thing.

After some practice they put it away, and turned to go home by another track.

And there, just off the beaten way, his dreadful face to the serene, burning sky, a bullet hole through his shirt-front, lay Wilson.

It did not even occur to Thomas that the dark deed might not be his; here was stretched this lifeless figure; across there he had been using a firearm.

But Josephs remembered quite well that Tommy's erratic bullets had gone in an entirely different direction.

Still he could not forego applying the torture to the agonised Thomas. "You'll swing for this," he said.

Thomas

He stooped down over the unfortunate master to see if he could render help, but even his unpractised eye knew that life was flown. One thing he found in his examination, a shining revolver with emptied chambers lying close to the dead hand. He pushed it out of sight beneath the coat.

"Oh, yes, they'll tree you for this, Thomas," he repeated, rising to his feet. A vague idea was forming in his mind that he might turn the situation to advantage, and get Thomas more completely into his power.

When footsteps came along he dragged the miserable Tommy back and hid in the undergrowth, but then he recognised Hilary's shuddering cry and went to the spot again.

The idea ripened as he supported the affrighted girl. Tommy was telling a stuttering story of how he had done the deed. He assured Hilary again and again that he hadn't done it on purpose.

"Afraid it'll go against him that he has always hated the poor fellow so," Josephs said. "Only yesterday all the fellows heard you say, Thomas, that you'd like to have the shooting of him."

Thomas moaned.

Presently Hilary straightened herself up. "We must do *something*," she said, "we must do something."

Josephs looked preternaturally thoughtful: the idea was formed.

"Look here," he said, "only we three know about it. It was an accident, 'tisn't as if we were hiding a murder,—let's—let's——"

"Oh, what?" said Hilary. Her brain seemed incapable of thinking, and she could only depend on his.

Josephs looked nobly virtuous. "I don't like this sort of thing," he said, "but if you like I'll help you through. There's nothing to stop us walking down to school and telling them we happened to be up here and found him. We'll leave this;" he picked up Tommy's purchase by his side; "of course every one will think he shot himself,—he looked the sort of fellow to do it."

And this was the tale Beverley heard.

Josephs did one more thing,—went back a moment when the wretched sister and brother were walking away, and took Tommy's revolver away to fling in the river. Then they all three went down the hill and reported the terrible thing.

They had to give some sort of evidence, all three of them, as to the finding of the body, but after that they were allowed to slip into the background of the affair. The coroner's jury without any hesitation returned a verdict of suicide; the Beverley paper even printed a laconic note found in the pocket of the deceased, in which he made known his intention of destroying himself, and it piled pathos on the lock of nut-brown hair which it was alleged was found in the clutch of the dead man and buried with him.

"Whatever does that mean?" Hilary said wearily to Josephs, whom she was meeting by stealth as usual one evening.

Josephs was not to be taken at a disadvantage.

"Mum's the word," he said.

Still Hilary persisted.

"Don't you ask too much," he said; "didn't I tell you I'd manage everything for you? That was a really clever stroke."

The girl was silenced of course, and bitterly grateful again. It was that same evening the creature unfolded his idea to her. It was not to be expected that he could do a thing like this for nothing, he said—he had always adored her, now he intended to marry her; they would elope together this very week and be married in Sydney; they both looked quite old enough.

It took him a week to wring the wretched girl's consent from her. He made it clear to her how a refusal would bring the hair-suspended sword clean down on Tommy's life.

She was helpless, hopeless. Miss Lawrence became greatly distressed at the change that had taken place in her. Always thin and angular, the frightful mental distress of that fortnight made her absolutely transparent. But every one ascribed her wretched looks to the shock of finding a dead body.

And Tommy's appearance was little better; he also knew the terms of the silence now, and while sheltering thankfully under his sister's sacrifice, his days and nights were agony to him.

Josephs made the preparations calmly. Hilary was to pay all expenses, and had even handed him a ten-pound-note to that end. Thursday was the night fixed. Josephs was to be at a curve of the road between St. Anne's and his present school (for the plan was to drive up and over the hill) at two o'clock in the morning with a

Thomas

sulky and a swift horse, and he was to be joined there by Hilary and Thomas—Thomas because he dare not trust the boy not to divulge the secret, and make a general confession if pressure were brought to bear upon him, and neither himself nor Hilary were there.

It took all the time till the Thursday night for Thomas's fortress of cowardice to give way. Nightly for two weeks he had hanged himself, felt the horrid rope tightening round his poor soft throat, put up his clammy hands to stop the suffocation, even sometimes burst into great sobs, and awakened the lighter sleepers of the dormitory. And nightly, against this horror, he had weighed the thought of Hilary, dear tender old Hilary, being tied for all her life to the loathsome Josephs. For thirteen nights he sacrificed her.

The fourteenth he resolved to be hanged.

Crofton, asleep at the end of the room just where the moonlight streamed through the window, was awakened gently enough about midnight.

"What the—the—" he said, and sprang up, and was in a pugnacious attitude in a second.

Then he saw Tommy—Tommy with ghastly face and starting eyes, ridiculous in baggy pink and white pyjamas.

"How dare you wake me up, you little beggar!" he demanded fiercely.

Tommy shrank back. After all he could not tell Crofton—no, Hilary could not be saved.

But the elder boy found something to arrest him in that shrinking away. Something made him think of the young brothers at home.

"Why, you poor little chap," he said in an altered tone, "what's to pay now?" He pulled him down in a friendly fashion to a sitting position on the bed, and put an arm half round his shoulder.

Of course Tommy cried; such kindness entirely broke him down, and it was a long time before he could command his voice enough to tell how he had killed Mr. Wilson.

Crofton listened incredulously. Then "The hound!" he cried between his teeth, when the story of Hilary's devotion was told. He burned to go to the room where Josephs must be already making his stealthy preparations, and thrash the life from him. His head was a good clear

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one, however, and he was thinking rapidly as he slipped on some clothes.

"It's only one o'clock," he said. "Come along, we're going to the place. I've got to see it for myself." They slipped noiselessly out of the window on to the verandah, and were soon speeding away up the hill.

In the shadow at the appointed place Hilary was standing; it was an hour almost before the time arranged, for a tricky girl had moved the hands of her watch to make her imagine in the morning she had overslept.

The short figure of Thomas and the tall one of Crofton bore down on her through the struggling moonlight. Cold beads were on her forehead, her eyes stared forward—large, anguished, hopeless.

And then it was Crofton who touched her arm, Crofton whose pleasant, encouraging hand took her own and patted it, and she fell to wild hysterical sobbing full of unutterable relief and surprise. She clung to him desperately. "I can't, I can't, I can't," she said again and again. The boy put a most comforting arm round her waist and let her cry on his shoulder.

"You poor little thing," he said; "you poor little girl. There, it's all right; I'm here, nothing shall happen to you now."

In his great tenderness and pity he kissed the little cold cheek, just as he would have kissed any of those six young sisters of his had they been sobbing wildly in his arms.

"There, there, don't cry, don't cry, you poor little girl," the lad said.

Thomas pressed against her side.

"It's all right, Hilary," he said hoarsely, "you go home, I've given myself up."

But when composure came to the girl she still persisted obstinately in going on with her tragedy.

"Nothing's any use," she said wearily, "even if you thrashed him he could still make me go, it's better than Tommy being hanged or put in prison."

"But Tommy didn't do it at all, I'm quite convinced of that," Crofton persisted.

The girl shook her head; Crofton, of course, she told herself, had been deceived by the various things Josephs had done to put them off the scent. "I promised, I'll have to go," she said.

"Look here," said the boy at last, finding arguments useless, "if I bring you a letter from Josephs saying it is all a hoax, and that he lets you off your promise, will that

L

Thomas

do? Will you go straight back to school now and slip back to bed, if I promise to bring you that paper to-morrow?"

Hilary was wise in the power of signed papers, and in the end he prevailed, and had the satisfaction of seeing her swallowed up in the safe embrace of Baroda House.

And then what an hour for him! It seemed to him afterwards he had not had time to draw his breath. He dragged Thomas up the hill to the scene of the firing, and speedily settled the question of the course of Tommy's tentative bullets. The boy had no difficulty at all in finding the spot where he and Josephs had stood. A tangle of thick briar surrounded three sides—to say the least it was unlikely that any one should fire aimlessly at brushwood. But to the south was a gully, and a noble tree stood in the way, a natural target.

"There's the bit of cardboard we stuck up," Tommy said sadly, "only I didn't hit it."

But surely it was hardly probable those shots, fired with his face to the gully, should have gone backwards over his shoulder and shot through the heart a man walking hundreds of yards away.

Crofton was quite clear of this in his own mind, but Hilary must have that paper.

He went pounding down the hill again, Tommy, a miserable little dog, at his heels. Once he stopped for a moment, and cut a supple switch of good circumference.

"Come on," he said; and Tommy had a thrill of horrified pleasure when his mind reached Crofton's purpose.

Josephs was peering about the roadside when they stole quietly through the bush; on the road a buggy stood with faintly gleaming lamps.

It took just half-an-hour to extract that document. The preliminary altercation was exceedingly brief, for Crofton had no intention of jeopardising the chance of using his pretty switch. Swish, swish, through the hushed air it went; never had sound such music for Crofton; never had football flying over goal, or never cricket triumph yielded such sweet thrills as came to him each time his strong young arm descended and the switch struck and curled. The coward writhed in agony, and squirmed, and sprawled, and wept, and howled for mercy. At a respectful—a very respectful—distance stood Tommy, watching the scene in shuddering ecstasy.

Josephs had very quickly signified his

most cheerful willingness to write anything in the world, and after ten minutes' keen satisfaction Crofton gave him the chance.

The trembling creature dropped eagerly to his knees to write Hilary's release. Tommy furnished a pencil-stump, Crofton a bit of paper, and the approving moon sailed out to give good light.

"W—what'll I write?" said the sorry wretch.

The conquering hero was standing at his side with calmly-folded arms.

"Oh, I leave the composition to you," he said; "you won the essay prize, it ought not to come difficult."

Josephs shot him a venomous glance, then, as the quiet figure moved an inch, he began to write hurriedly.

Ten minutes later, his heart bursting with bitterness, humiliation, and seething spite, he was whipping his horse up viciously to get over the hill and out of that miserable part of the world for ever.

The succouring knight presented the document of confession and release to the lady the following day.

"I can never, never thank you enough," she said, and looked with kindling eyes on her magnificent young hero—the encounter had not suffered in Tommy's hands.

"Pooh," said Crofton, "it was a great lark. I enjoyed it tremendously." He rushed the conversation on to cricket, football, anything to escape dwelling on his feats.

Just as he was going Hilary looked up at him with eyes suffused.

"I wish you'd ask me to do something for you," she said, "anything—anything."

"Pooh," he said again, then saw her earnestness and tried to find something.

"Leave Thomas to us," he said, "we'll make a man of him before you know where you are."

"I'll only see him once a quarter if you like," she said, in her complete abnegation.

"Oh, I won't make it as hard as that," he said, with his pleasant smile, "once a month, let's say. Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Hilary, wistfully.

He went down the hill whistling—the interview had taken place at Baroda House, for the authorities at both schools had been placed in possession of the tale by Crofton's wishes.

Hilary watched him swinging along till the curved road swallowed him. Then she turned from the window with a sigh.

Charlotte Brontë and Haworth: a Gossip and a Medley



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAWORTH

A LETTER
FROM AN ENGLISH
TO AN AMERICAN GIRL

The High St., Oxford.

MY dear Adelaide,—Do you remember reading "Villette" in the garden of the big *pensionnat* Delcourt, in Lille? And how interested we were to find that the book so exactly described our school-life and surroundings in that once old Flemish town? Even now I shiver when I recall how dull and homesick we were amongst our half-French, half-Flemish schoolfellows and mistresses, none too friendly to the English and American girls. But after reading "Villette" we whiled away many a dreary *récréation* and *jour de congé* by "pretending," as children say, that we were—you the volatile Guinevra Fanshawe, I the timid, reserved Lucy Snowe. And truly, apart from our

childishness, our surroundings tallied more or less with those portrayed in "Villette." Here were the two lonely (English-speaking) girls, the old garden, and *Pas de Géant*, flanked by the *Hôpital Militaire* which would do duty for Monsieur Paul Emanuel's College, "l'Athénaïe"; while Mademoiselle Louise with her sly ways well represented Madame Beck. Then, again, there was also Mademoiselle Marie Thérèse, the *sous-maitresse*, who with her *minauderies* and temper was the counterpart of Mademoiselle Zélie St. Pierre. But we were forced to acknowledge that there was no Monsieur Paul for me or Dr. John for you, as the wildest stretch of imagination could not change Monsieur Anatole, Mademoiselle

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Louise's brother, who lived in part of an old building at the bottom of the garden, into the fiery, impetuous, yet delightful, Monsieur Paul. Nor could we turn the little swallow, snuff-taking Docteur Legros into the manly, handsome, auburn-haired Graham. By-the-bye, we nearly quarrelled, did we not, over that same handsome Dr. John? For you averred he was your (Guinevra's) property and I insisted it was he whom Lucy Snowe really loved, and not Monsieur Paul, interesting as he was. He only, as someone has said, "forced her to like him when she was sore at heart for another." I am still of the same opinion, and believe that as "*Villette*" is without doubt an autobiography of Charlotte Brontë herself, so Mr. George Smith her publisher, and the original of John Graham, is the man whom she—I do not say *loved*—but whom she would have loved, had he cared for her. Can we not, in a letter written to Ellen Nussey (June 1, 1850) while she was staying at the Smiths', read between these lines a vague regret?

"We both know," she writes, referring to Mr. G. Smith, "the wide breach time has made between us; we do not embarrass each other, or very rarely; my six or seven years of seniority, to say nothing of lack of all pretensions of beauty, etc., are a perfect safeguard. I should not in the least fear to go with him to China; I like to see him pleased; I greatly dislike to ruffle and disappoint him."

In "*Villette*" we find almost the identical remark by Lucy Snowe anent Dr. John :

"I had learned how severe for me was the pain of crossing, or grieving, or disappointing him."

But I am digressing as usual when I write to you, dear Adelaide. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to recall our French school days, though we did not appreciate or look on the bright side of them at the time. We were so homesick, and longed for the sight of an English face or book—a pleasure which we only attained at rare intervals. You will remember after repeated letters home how at last we received the "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*," by Mrs. Gaskell, and our delight, as we were reading the account of her life in Brussels, to think we were only three hours distant from that city by train, and that some day we might perhaps visit her old school in the Rue d'Isabelle. But our excitement was almost wild, was it not, when we came on this paragraph in the "*Life*":

"... it seemed better in consequence of letters which they (the Brontës) received from Brussels,

giving a discouraging account of the schools there, that Charlotte and Emily should go to an institution at *Lille*, in the North of France, which was highly recommended by Baptist Noel and other clergymen."

Yes! Charlotte and Emily Brontë nearly came to *Lille* to school; and if the project had not been abandoned, it would certainly have resulted in their coming to the old *pensionnat* in the Rue de l'Hôpital Militaire. For not only was it in existence as far back as 1842 and carried on by Mademoiselle Charlotte, an aunt of Mademoiselle Louise, but our school was the only one in *Lille* which received English Protestant girls as boarders. Again, the Rev. Baptist Noel, we were told, had once upon a time been one of the referees for the school, while £50 a year were the terms we paid for tuition and the privilege of a separate bedroom. And does not Mrs. Gaskell say:

"... the terms (for the *Lille* school) were £50 a year . . . and a separate (bed) room was to be allowed for this sum . . . ?"

That was a happy day for us, when we made what we called our great discovery. We looked upon our dull surroundings with renewed interest, trying to imagine what Charlotte would have thought and written of them. How interesting she would have made for all time those disagreeable rough schoolgirls, and our schoolmistresses with their narrow provincial life and ideas, Monsieur le Curé serving as their one excitement. We looked now also with different eyes upon the little bare bedroom which the English *pensionnaires* were privileged to share alone, for were we not positive it had nearly harboured those two poor homesick Brontës! And as we chattered at night, as only girls can, we solemnly vowed to each other that she to whom the first opportunity occurred should make a pilgrimage to Haworth.

The privilege has been mine, and thus I redeem our promise, sending you also with this letter a packet of photographs which I bought at Haworth. It is now some years since we parted at *Lille*, you for your Boston home, I for my little country village, and it was not till unexpectedly this autumn (or Fall, as you told me I ought to call it) that I was able to visit our "Mecca." I had suddenly to go to Bradford, in Yorkshire, to join an old aunt who had been taken ill there while on her way to Scotland. Fortunately the attack proved not so serious as was anticipated. Knowing of my enthusi-

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asm for the Brontës, my aunt suggested I should spend the day at Haworth, which is only a short distance from Bradford. I therefore started one bright morning, and after about three-quarters of an hour in the train, found myself at the small station of Haworth, built since the Brontës' time: a building far from picturesque, surrounded as it is by smoky, dingy-looking houses and factories. Was this Haworth? the little grey hamlet which we had so often pictured to ourselves! I felt profoundly disappointed. Fortunately, however, for the enthusiast, it is not the Brontës' Haworth, only the nucleus of a manufacturing district which has sprung up round the station. But this is soon left behind, and following a narrow road which gradually reaches an elevation of about three hundred feet, I found the real old Haworth, "the little wild moorland village" on the bank of the River Worth, or stream—for it is little more—and its one straggling narrow street—Main Street. This ascends a steep incline, till it reaches the top of a plateau, on which are situated the church, parsonage, and Black Bull Inn, and the New Brontë Museum.

The Black Bull Inn! What memories of poor Branwell Brontë did it not evoke! Here is still to be seen the same old armchair used by him in the room where he



PARSONAGE IN THE TIME OF THE BRONTËS

wasted so many hours, acting as the boon companion of the village louts, or entertaining stray travellers in that out-of-the-way spot with his brilliant talk and merry songs. "Do you want someone to help you with your bottle, sir? If you do, I'll send up for Patrick." So Mrs. Gaskell tells us was the landlord's usual speech to a chance guest. Was it surprising that the unfortunate boy became eventually the slave of drink?

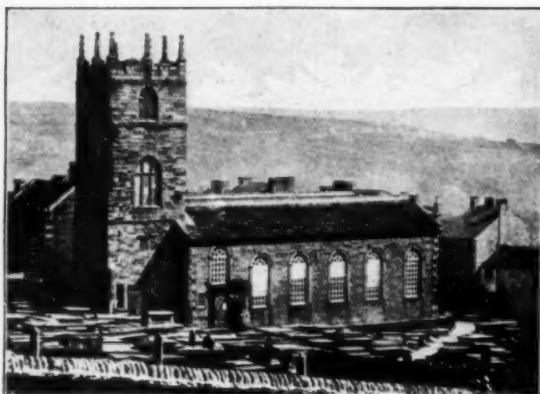
I had a nice little lunch at the "Bull," during which mine host entertained me with a gossip on the Brontës. Though only a boy at the time, he remembers them all quite well, especially Branwell, or Patrick as he was always called in the village. Indeed, during the few hours I spent at Haworth, I was struck with the vivid impression Branwell had left upon the minds of those who remembered him. His personality seemed far clearer to them than that of his father and sisters. He had evidently associated intimately with them, was in and out of their homes, and, unfortunately, hail-fellow-well-met with every ne'er-do-well.

It is but one step from the "Bull" to the churchyard gate. I walked through the narrow paths of the quiet little God's acre, to linger long near the wall at the lower end where the moors reach as far as the eye can see. As I gazed on them in all their glory of purple heather, I remembered that these were the very same moors which had exercised such an influence on the character and writings of the lonely Brontë children. How they loved these wild desolate tracts,



BLACK BULL, HAWORTH

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HAWORTH CHURCH IN THE BRONTËS' TIME

and pined when far away for the scent of the heather! And I thought also of the time when Charlotte, the last of that little band, came out alone, sad and heartbroken, to think of the past, and as she "watched for its purple signal" to win if possible some courage for the lonely future.

Haworth Parsonage of to-day, with its shady lawn and flower-beds, is a brighter and larger place than the old bare stone house of 1850. The present incumbent succeeded Mr. Brontë, for the living was not offered to his son-in-law, Mr. Nicholls. There is some difficulty in getting into the parsonage, but I was fortunate enough to obtain permission, and one of the members of the family kindly took me over. Now, *mon amie*, follow me in spirit! On the right side of the small entrance-hall is Mr. Brontë's study, where you remember, we read, he spent so much of his time. Opposite is the parlour, the usual living room of the family, a dreary enough little place with its one window, yet how interesting! It was here that the "little man," James Taylor, Charlotte's would-be lover, was entertained, and perhaps in this very room proposed and was refused by her. Here also came, no doubt, the three curates, the originals of Malone, Donne, and Sweeting in "Shirley," little dreaming how they were being dissected by their quiet little hostess. Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Wooler (the Brontës' old governess), Mary Taylor (*the Rose Yorke* of "Shirley"), and Mr. Nicholls, are all spirits of the past which haunt this room. But this small parlour was the scene also of some joys and pleasures in the early girlhood of Charlotte, Emily, and

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Anne, when their schoolfellow Ellen Nussey joined their circle, and Branwell was there, the bright boy of whom they were all so proud. Yes, and I love to think that here also they must sometimes, like other girls, have been happy and merry in spite of the dulness and poverty which haunted their life.

But it is perhaps to the kitchen—though now altered beyond recognition—that one turns with the greatest interest—this favourite place of the motherless children in the days when their only friend was Tabby, to whose cheery presence they would fly from an eccentric father and a stern unsympathising aunt! And here, too, they paced up and down in the long winter evenings as they told each other fragments of their stories or talked over their plans for the future. And alas! those walls no doubt also often found them waiting far into the night for the return of their miserable brother.

Charlotte's bedroom, the room in which she died after such a brief married life, has a dreary outlook over the garden on to the little churchyard and the "lone church that stands amidst the moors." As nothing but the tower remains of the original building, which was rebuilt in 1882, the church has lost nearly all interest for those seeking for Brontë associations. At the west end is the long list of names recording the deaths of the Brontë family. The sad record begins with that of the mother in 1821, and ends with that of the father on June 7,



BRONTË TABLET IN HAWORTH CHURCH

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1861, forty years later. Between these two dates the six children died: Maria (the original of Helen Burns in "Jane Eyre") and Elizabeth in 1825, within a few weeks of each other, of low fever contracted at the Cowan Bridge School, depicted without doubt as Lowood in "Jane Eyre"; Patrick and Emily in 1848, twenty-three years later; and Anne the following year. Charlotte lived till March 31, 1855, while the poor old father survived his last child for six years, dying at the advanced age of eighty-five, after being incumbent of Haworth for nearly forty-one years.

In front of the chancel, where Charlotte, Emily, and old Mr. Brontë are buried, there is a brass plate inscribed to their memory. Another tablet in the old tower of the church is of interest, as it is dedicated to Mr. Weightman, Mr. Brontë's first curate in 1838, whom the girls and Ellen Nussey nicknamed "Celia Amelia." He died in 1842, aged only twenty-six years. I copied the tablet for you:

THIS MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED BY THE INHABITANTS
IN MEMORY OF THE LATE
WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN, M.A.,
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1842, AGED 26 YEARS,
AND WAS BURIED IN THIS CHURCH
ON THE 10TH OF THE SAME MONTH.
HE WAS THREE YEARS CURATE OF HAWORTH,
AND BY THE CONGREGATION, AND PARISHIONERS
IN GENERAL, WAS GREATLY RESPECTED
FOR HIS ORTHODOX PRINCIPLES,
ACTIVE ZEAL, MORAL HABITS, LEARNING,
MILDNESS AND AFFABILITY:
HIS USEFUL LABOURS WILL BE LONG
GRATEFULLY REMEMBERED
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION
AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS
AND SCHOLARS.

He is not one of the three parsons typified in "Shirley," for in Charlotte's estimation, in spite of his flirting propensities, he ranked somewhat higher than the other "Holies" (as she calls the curates). "I honour and admire," she writes to Ellen Nussey, "his generous, open disposition and sweet temper."

One turns away from the church with a feeling of disappointment. The old pews have disappeared, also the pulpit which Mr. Brontë occupied for so many years. Nothing is left of the past but the lectern, an eagle with outstretched wings, which was a gift to the old parson in 1845. I therefore preferred roaming about the village and churchyard. Here at least nothing was altered, and though nearly forty years have passed since the last of the

Brontës died, there are a few old inhabitants still alive who remember and love to speak of them. In my wanderings up and down the village street fate took me to a little watchmaker's and photographer's shop near the churchyard, just beyond the Bull Inn. This, I was told, had formerly been the post-office. Here I found the same old postmaster of those days, Mr. Feather, through whose hands had passed so often the mysterious letters and parcels addressed to "Curer Bell." He is a dear old man, and while I was making a selection of photographs talked to me of bygone days. "Many, many a time," he said, as he showed me his little kitchen, "has Mr. Brontë sat here, and often have I seen Patrick go staggering past this window on his way from the 'Black Bull.' Yes, ma'am," he said in reply to my question, "it was I who sent off Miss Brontë's MSS., and I used often to wonder at the bulky parcels which came to and fro."

You know, dear Adelaide, how interested I always was in Tabitha, the Brontës' old servant, because of our own dear faithful Nurse Priscilla whom she resembled so much. I asked Mr. Feather if he could tell me where Tabitha was buried and



EDWIN FEATHER, THE OLD POSTMASTER

point me out her grave. "I don't know, ma'am, but I will ask my sister." The old man went out of the kitchen and disappeared into a small adjacent cottage, to

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reappear again almost directly with a quaint, thin, ancient little dame, still older than himself, who bobbed and curtseyed like the schoolchildren of a past generation. I repeated my inquiry. "She was buried, ma'am, under the old tower. This is the spot," she said, as we all three entered the churchyard, "but the stone was removed when the church was rebuilt." The devoted old woman died, during Charlotte's last illness, nearly ninety years of age. "Would the lady like to see Martha's grave?" said Miss Feather. You remember Martha, do you not, Adelaide?—the "young servant" whom Charlotte procured to help Tabitha, and who remained the faithful friend of the parsonage for many years, and so tenderly waited upon Charlotte to the last. And I read:

IN MEMORY OF MARTHA,
DAUGHTER OF JOHN AND MARY
BROWN, OF HAWORTH,
WHO DIED JANUARY 19TH, 1880,
IN THE 52ND YEAR OF HER
AGE.

I was also shown Martha's house opposite the churchyard. The two dear old Feathers were very garrulous, and loved to talk of the past. They chatted to me of Ellen Nussey, of Miss Branwell the aunt, and her sternness with her nieces when children, and of Mr. Nicholls. The latter had evidently not been a favourite at Haworth. It is possible his manner more than his heart was in fault. For we know he was a good man and made Charlotte's last years the happiest in her life, and she, at least,

did him justice when she portrayed him as Mr. Macarthey in "Shirley" years before she was engaged to him.

"Perhaps I ought to remark that on the premature and sudden vanishing of Mr. Malone from the stage of Briarfield . . . there came as his successor another Irish curate, Mr. Macarthey. I am happy to be able to inform you with truth that he was as much credit to his country as Malone had done it discredit; he proved himself as decent, decorous, and conscientious as Peter was rampant and boisterous . . . Being human, of course he had his faults; they, however, were proper, steady-going, clerical faults; the circumstance of finding himself invited to tea with a Dissenter would unhinge him for a week; the spectacle of a Quaker, wearing his hat in the church; the thought of an unbaptized fellow-creature being interred with Christian rites — these things could make strange havoc in Mr. Macarthey's physical and mental economy; otherwise

he was sane and rational, diligent and charitable."

But to return to the Feathers. The old lady took me into her cottage and presented me with a piece of green muslin which had been part of a curtain in Mr. Brontë's study, while Mr. Feather rummaged his stores and found me a photograph of Martha Brown. He also told me that a cousin of the latter was still alive, a Mrs. Sarah Wood, who had a great many souvenirs of the Brontës. So, after a hearty farewell to my new friends, I made my way to the little clothier's shop where Mrs. Wood lived.

Could it be I wondered the identical clothier's shop where the Haworth curates lodged? After knocking at the private entrance I found myself in a cosy little parlour, with pussy curled on an arm-chair, and the dearest of old ladies, who



MISS FEATHER



MARTHA BROWN.

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greeted me with the warmest of welcomes as soon as I mentioned the name of Brontë. "Do come in and sit down, miss. Do I remember the Brontës? I should rather think I did. Miss Charlotte was my Sunday School teacher. She *was* nice. But Miss Anne was my favourite: such a gentle creature." "And Miss Emily?" I asked. "Oh, you see, ma'am, I don't know much about Miss Emily, she was very shy; but Martha loved her: she said she was so kind." Mrs. Wood told me she had lived in that cottage for a great number of years. Martha had left her many things which had belonged to the Brontës, and which had been given to the old servant during the lifetime or after the death of the family she had served so faithfully. The old lady went upstairs and reappeared with a large bundle of treasures which had evidently been carefully hoarded. I handled them with reverence—those poor little reliques of the three clever sisters. There was a gold brooch of Charlotte's containing a lock of Mr. Brontë's hair and some of her own. Also a pair of her slippers, a little chemisette such as was then worn, a nightcap, and a pink-china toilet-pot, a comb belonging to Emily, and a collar of her dog Keeper. There was also a belt which had been sewn by Mr. Brontë! This Mrs. Wood, in the fulness of her heart cut in two, and gave me half, pleased, I suppose, at my enthusiasm. Of course there were other things, but I cannot remember them all. But most interesting was an old water-can or flagon which had been scribbled all over by the Brontës when children. On its smooth surface was scratched in childish characters Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Patrick. The old lady, as you may imagine, has had many offers for this treasure, but refuses to part with it.

Mrs. Wood told me that a sister of Martha's was still living, but for want of time I had to regretfully give up the idea of paying her a visit. So, after a hearty farewell from my kind hostess, who begged me to go and see her if ever I found myself in Haworth again, I set out for the little museum. This was only opened in 1895. Here have been gathered together many interesting reliques of the Brontë family and their friends. Being a woman, dear Adelaide, you will understand I took a pathetic interest in some of Charlotte's wedding-garments, and so you will not quarrel at my describing one gown. It was a kind of shot-silver silk with dark-blue

stripes, possibly her going-away dress, the so-called lilac silk. With this lay a humble little grey shawl with stripes of silver, red, white, and blue. In one of the cases was her work-basket, also a pink frock and a blue delaine skirt. I saw also sketches in pencil by Patrick Brontë of Charlotte, Emily, and himself. There was, too, a water-colour drawing of Emily as a sweet-looking girl in a blue cloak, and a large hat tied down with a scarf. She is painted with auburn hair and blue eyes; not at all one's idea of the angular Emily, but this was evidently an early portrait, as she does not look more than sixteen or seventeen. There was one equally pretty of Anne by Charlotte, who is also depicted with golden hair and blue eyes. Of course there were a good number of papers and MSS., original letters from Charlotte to Ellen Nussey, Anne's German dictionary inscribed with her name, Ellen Nussey's photograph, and other things too numerous to mention.



Ever truly and
respectfully yours,
J. Brontë

But the afternoon was closing in and the trap waiting to take me to Keighley to catch the train, so with a last lingering glance at the little hamlet with its church, parsonage, and inn, I bade it a loving farewell. I was borne rapidly along the road

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which Charlotte, Emily, and Anne had so often plodded on foot on their way to the little town where they used to go for their purchases or books.

And so ended one of the happiest days of my life—tinged though it was by a certain shade of sadness. Of course, since my visit to Haworth, I have re-read with a new interest Charlotte Brontë's four novels, her "Life" by Mrs. Gaskell, and Clement Shorter's entrancing volume. I have again been struck still more vividly—you remember our discussions on the subject) and I may say regretfully—with the prominence she seems to give to the importance of marriage for women. This idea, which plainly permeates not only her novels but her own letters, seems strange to us of the nineteenth century, with our many-sided lives, so full of interest and opportunities, especially emanating as it does from one who can be justly regarded as the foremost woman of her age. One cannot therefore help thinking, however unwillingly, that this common belief of the day had some influence on Charlotte Brontë's own union, somewhat late in life, to a man whom, however good and devoted he was, she married without love, and who was—from her own words—neither clever nor talented, and therefore incapable of calling forth her admiration. Of course we know that this idea of marriage was the misfortune of her generation, and we need not perhaps be surprised at it when hardly any career but that of governess was open to the fortuneless girl, while the unmarried woman was looked upon with scarcely veiled contempt, being doomed to a torpid, purposeless life, and branded at thirty as a confirmed old maid. Charlotte Brontë had pondered well over all this, and it chafed her to think that a single woman had hardly any recognised place; that she could not, save in rare instances, carve out a path for herself, and was therefore "reduced to strive," as she makes one of her characters say, "to gain that position and consideration by marriage which to celibacy is denied."

"I often," she writes, "wish to say something about the condition of women question. When a woman has a . . . household to conduct her hands are full, her vocation is evident. Where her destiny isolates her, I suppose she must do what she can, live as she can, complain as little, bear as much, work as well as possible."

Again she says :

"I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women nowadays."

Therefore that marriage and marriage only was the appointed haven of refuge we may truly say was Charlotte's belief, unconscious perhaps though that belief was. This state of things, it is true, aroused the antagonism of her spirit, but the pity of it is that she, the pioneer of her sex as she has been justly called, could not, with her qualities of steadfastness and courage, rise superior to these ideas of her day, and preach and live the gospel of independence for women. Sadly enough this note recurs again and again in her letters, and in maturity of years, dreading perhaps the unloved lonely future (and this is the strongest excuse for her), she was false to the principles of her youth, and married Mr. Nicholls because he was the only possible man whom circumstances threw in her way.

But perhaps someone may urge that Mr. Nicholls' offer was not the only proposal Charlotte had. True; but let us examine in turn her three other offers and what they were worth. The first was Henry Nussey's, whom she refused in the heyday of youth. He was, judging from his prototype in "Jane Eyre" (St. John) and from what we gather from her letters, a cold, formal man, who had not shown her much devotion, and desired perhaps above all a helpmate in his parish, and was keen enough to recognise Charlotte's sterling qualities and conscientiousness. He was refused, for as she writes to his sister Ellen :

"I could not have that intense attachment which could make me willing to die for him, and if ever I marry it must be in the light of adoration that I will regard my husband."

These, therefore, were her ideas at twenty-two. But she was certainly not true to them at thirty-six, when she writes to Mr. Nicholls, to whom she is engaged, that he must never expect her to reciprocate the feelings he had.

Then came the episode of the Irish curate, Mr. Price (also in her youth), and his offer of marriage after a few hours' acquaintance. Charlotte would naturally look upon this as a boyish freak, or as due to the impetuosity of an Irishman.

Lastly, we have the story of the "little man," James Taylor, when Charlotte was thirty-three and on the road to fame. His affection for Charlotte seemed to have been genuine, but his physique and manners were so unattractive that he positively re-

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peled her, in spite of her wish to look upon him with favourable eyes as a possible husband.

"When his eyes fastened on me, my veins ran fire," she says. "I could not find one gleam; I could not see one passing glimpse of good breeding . . . though clever, he is second rate—thoroughly second rate. His face shows an inflexibility, and I must add a hardness, of character which do not attract."

Thus she writes of the little red-haired man, and though she talks of "attaining the distinction of matrimony and escaping the stigma of an old maid," still, Charlotte Brontë was far too womanly, far too noble, when it came to the point, to marry a man from whom she absolutely shrank to escape the doom of spinsterhood. And yet so much did the current feelings of the day influence her that she seems to have vaguely regretted the loss of a possible husband even in the unattractive personality of James Taylor. No doubt the great incentive to her marriage with Mr. Nicholls was her dread of the lonely future. This found expression in a letter to Letitia Wheelwright in 1852, when suffering from the desolate life at Haworth after the death of her sisters.

"Some long stormy days and nights there were when I felt such a craving for support and companionship as I cannot express. Sleepless I lay awake night after night, weak and unable to occupy myself; I sat in my chair day after day, the saddest memories my only company."

In the December of the same year (1852) in which she wrote the above Mr. Nicholls proposed to her. Till then, we have it in Charlotte Brontë's own words, "no matrimonial lot is even remotely offered to me which seems to me truly desirable." After his proposal and her acceptance she wrote of him :

"Attachment to Mr. N—— I never entertained." . . . "Silent pity is all I can give him . . . he never was agreeable or amiable . . . *I do not know him* (yet she had promised to marry him) well enough

to be sure there is truth and true affection . . . at the bottom of his chagrin . . . I may be losing the purest gem, and to me far the most precious life can give, genuine attachment . . . or I may be escaping the yoke of a morose temper."

And so little does she know the man she has decided to marry that she writes after her engagement :

"I stipulated with papa for opportunity to become better acquainted."

Again :

"What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order, *I trust to love my husband.*"

Fortunately for Charlotte, Mr. Nicholls was a good man, and just before her marriage she seems to have recognised this, though his want of intellectual talents is a scarcely veiled disappointment.

But the unappreciated lover and man became after marriage "her dear, patient, constant Arthur," and her last pathetic words prove that love had conquered: "I am not going to die, we have been so happy."

EVELYN B. PARRY.



CHARLOTTE BRONTE

How the Shining Stars Descended

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF G. A. MATCHET



ALL this happened long ago, in those far-off terrible times when brotherhood did not exist amongst the peoples on earth, and the men who struggled here were indifferent one to the other. Most of them were wandering in darkness, and none thought of lighting their way with the Word of Truth. Famished poverty, shivering with cold, held out its thin and feeble hand to those fortunate ones who dwelt in luxurious palaces; human blood flowed for every futile motive, and tears failed to rouse even the slightest compassion. Slaves still dragged their chains about with them, and the whip was heard hissing through the air. The holy precepts of the Saviour had not yet eradicated all covetousness and wickedness and selfishness from the heart of man.

It was Christmas Eve, the eve of that great day on which was born He Who was the first to speak the message of love and peace and brotherhood on earth, wherefore they hanged Him on the cross, between two malefactors. The great hour was drawing near, but the sin-

ful earth paid no attention to it. Famished and trembling misery cried aloud in vain—its moans and sighs were drowned in the wild clamours of mad revelry. The fortunate passed the unfortunate carelessly by, and shut themselves up in their well-warmed rooms. Enemies prepared for the strife; from dungeons and towers were heard the laments of the prisoners. Mothers abandoned their houses, leaving the fate of their children to chance, and joined the throng of revellers.

The earth was horrible in those days! But above the earth, in the immeasurable expanse of blue, the golden stars shone as peacefully as ever on that holy night. At that hour everything seemed more solemn, more sacred, more serene. The sky was clear, only here and there was wafted a white cloud; but the stars shone more brightly and tranquilly in their accustomed places, floating in innumerable groups, one behind the other. The young moon did not look sad, she appeared to smile joyously; the rosy daughters of the Great Bear twinkled

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caressingly and tenderly; brighter than a diamond burned Arcturus, and the languid beauty of Vega sparkled in all the colours of the rainbow. There was gladness and rejoicing in the sky, because in holy nights new stars are born there.

From sinful earth there reached the sounds of moans and cries, of the mad shrieks of revellers, of maledictions and cursing, of the last groans of the dying. But on the holy night, as usual, the golden stars took no notice of these things, for they were all absorbed in the divine music of the heavenly harps. The Virgin of the Stars sang to them of the calm, the peace and the happiness of thus floating on the blue expanse. They knew nothing of the sinful earth, and never wished to know anything. How could it possibly concern them, that earth full of sin and wickedness and folly, which would not even recognise the Master who died for it? Not one of them had ever listened to the rumours which reached them, not one had ever descended from the sky so serene and clear.

But in that holy night, up in the blue air, there happened a miracle, strange and unexpected.

The new-born stars had revolted, disturbing the general peace which had reigned there for centuries. In a mighty throng they encircled the Polar Star, and in the midst of the rejoicing they seemed sad, as though they heard not the song of the Virgin Star, as though the divine music of the heavenly harps had no power to make them glad.

"What is happening down there on the earth?" they asked at length of the Polar Star.

"Oh, that does not concern us," carelessly answered the icy beauty, as severe and pure as a matron of ancient Rome. "Alas! Shame on us, peaceful stars, for taking an interest in that ball of mud. It is our duty to float calmly in the pure air; let us rather listen to our harps and to the Virgin of the Stars."

"We are sorrowful——"

"Sorrowful!" said the Polar Star, "and why, dear little ones? Look, round us joy reigns alone; we know not sadness."

The bright stars shivered, blushing virtuously.

"Ah! yes, we are sorrowful," they said, sighing deeply; "the festival is no festival for us. Those laments which reach us from below distress us and prevent us from hearing the music of the songs; we are sorrowful on their account, and because of them we cannot enjoy ourselves and float gracefully in the silent air. We are restless and excited, we wish to know all—all that happens in the world. We are moved with compassion for the poor earth."

The Polar Star covered herself with a white cloudlet that she might not hear such senseless words, and an audible murmur gathered about her.

"Oh, how ridiculous are these little ones," laughed the stars of the Great Bear; "how did they get such mad ideas? And what do they wish to do with the sinful earth? Of what use is

it to us when we have the pure free sky? Ah! children, children, do but float about tranquilly and calmly as we do. Just listen, Arcturus, what strange desires they have."

The young Arcturus replied—"I listen and wonder! These are surprising times! Strange customs! In my opinion, ladies mine," turning to the shining stars, "your duty is to adorn the blue sky; and, to speak seriously, all knowledge, all doctrine, all contact with that squalid earth can but harm you. And the earth, no doubt, recognises in you—how shall I express it?—a poetry of the unknown, a grace, a candour, yes, an attractive ingenuousness. Is it not so?"

And the stern Orion returned at once—"Certainly; liberal ideas are not allowed. You know, Arcturus, what my opinion is: order before everything, otherwise we should have anarchy here. What do you think about it, Dame Vega?" he asked, turning to her in the hope of receiving a reply in accordance with his own views.

She answered—"I certainly think it is nothing but a pretence, for there can be nothing interesting on the earth—only crying and lamenting—whilst here we have beautiful music, and move always in the eternal spheres."

The shining stars quivered with anger; they veiled their bright faces and turned with faint hopes to Aldebaran the sage.

"You alone will perhaps help us," they asked timidly, daring to interrupt him in his scientific researches.

Aldebaran raised his eyebrows, smiled majestically, and rolled his eyes in a quizzical manner.

"Of course," he replied in methodical tones, making frequent pauses and drawling his words, "knowledge is light—ignorance is darkness, of that there is no doubt whatever. But it is not for all. And this you must remember well: some are elected to knowledge—I mean those whose destiny it is to know. For example, it is the destiny of the greater number to dance."

"There is a verdict! That is the true, authoritative verdict!" said Vega.

The shining stars blazed with disappointment; every one was against them. The ironical answer of Aldebaran, upon whom they had built their last hopes, seemed to have cast them down at one blow. But youthful courage is ever buoyant; they would not own themselves defeated, and began to defend themselves.

"Whatever you are," cried one after the other, "we are sincere when we say that we are sorrowful; that we are grieved for the poor earth; that we are tired of doing nothing but float about in the blue air and listening to the gallantries of Arcturus."

Vega smiled maliciously. Arcturus showed his resentment, but the little stars continued—

"Yes, yes, we are tired of it, and we are grieved for those who weep and sigh down there in the darkness. We think that if we were to descend upon the earth we should learn the reason of these moans, and perhaps we

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could carry down with us love and light. We think—" But all around them began to murmur, and the round daughters of the Great Bear were bursting with laughter.

"Oh! oh! oh! the little fools. What have you to do with the earth? You have nothing to do but to shine!"

"This is rebellion," muttered Orion wrathfully.

"It is affectation," said the beautiful Vega spitefully.

"No," said Arcturus condescendingly, "no, it is nothing but youthful exaltation, youthful magnanimity; they will get over it in time, never fear, but it is—how shall I express it?—it is magnificent! Almost exciting!" and the clever Arcturus cast a humorous glance in the direction of the shining stars.

"I am almost of the same opinion as the estimable Orion," said Aldebaran impatiently, taking up the conversation again without waiting to be asked; "this is really a grave misdeed. You see, the world has its laws, in accordance with which its life is regulated, and any interference with these arrangements cannot be allowed—it is culpable. All generous impulses disturb the regular order of things, and are but evidences of immaturity of mind. That is what I think."

"And I also, I also!" cried the gay Moon, suffocating with laughter. "Oh, I only know one thing; let us dance and twirl and play. Tra-la-la-la!"

They were all against the shining stars, who, now that they could no longer hope for assistance from any one, determined to rely entirely upon themselves. And the darker grew the night, the more distinctly were heard the earthly cries, the more distressed grew the shining stars. Then, giving no ear to any one or anything, listening only to the voices of their own hearts and to those appeals from the earth, they fell suddenly, to the great surprise and terror of all the sky. Some were lost amidst the thick clouds, others were dashed to pieces on the rocky mountains, and were scattered far and wide—golden treasures for future miners. Others reached the terrestrial mists. They were the first stars who had ever descended from heaven upon the earth in the holy night, and upon the sinful earth there happened one miracle after another.

* * * * *
An endless suite of splendid rooms had been transformed into a garden by masses of hot-house plants and flowers, illuminated by a thousand lights, and bathed in waves of sweet perfume. Choice wines were poured out in profusion, laughter was heard, satirical and loud, and the most reckless gaiety held sway.

In the centre of one of these rooms, upon a raised dais, sat a magnificent bacchante surrounded by a dense and eager crowd. The woman gazed with bold eyes at the enslaved and drunken throng; her cold lips murmured unseemly words, and in her beautiful hand,

that looked as though sculptured in white marble, she raised a goblet filled to the brim.

But suddenly she was silent, she grew pale and trembled, and her eyes were veiled with tears. Something fiery and irresistible arose within her breast and took possession of her heart; something began to whisper, to speak within her, and the sinful woman sobbed distractingly. The crowd stared at her in amazement. Then, with a feverish hand, she began to strip off the diamonds and pearls which, like chains of disgrace, engirdled her exquisite shoulders, her white and swan-like neck. She cast the jewels from her with loathing, and set her foot upon them, as though to revenge herself upon them for her anguish, her wild despair. With burning tears she wept for her own vileness, and lamented with passionate words her fall and her shame. She talked of her family, of maternal cares and wifely love, of a sister's honour, and even of the duties of an upright citizen. Her lovely face was distorted with anguish, and her sorrowful eyes were filled with scalding tears.

"She is drunk; she is drunk!" said the senseless crowd around her.

"No," gasped the sinner, "no, no. But in this holy night a shining star awakened my sleeping conscience."

* * * * *
In an underground dungeon lay an innocent prisoner. The thick and gloomy walls, through which the noise of the streets failed to penetrate, oppressed him, the darkness oppressed him, and the sepulchral silence that reigned there. Only the clanking of his chains, and the cold echo of iron, struck upon his ear, like the horrible blows of a hammer upon a coffin-lid. Through the damp and porous stones the water dripped drop by drop, and fell on the pavement. The solitude seemed all the gloomier for that monotonous sound of water, which fell at regular intervals, and splashed the walls of the squalid prison. Calumny and wickedness had triumphed, and had thrown him in this dreadful place. The wretched prisoner had not yet renounced all hope, and still had faith in the power of his own innocence, but on that holy night he was sobbing like a child. He thought of his family and friends; he thought of her he loved so well, and with whom he longed to share all joys and sorrows, and more monstrous, more cruel than ever seemed to him the separation in this sweet and holy night. He seemed to see the cheerful flames on the domestic hearth, to hear the animated converse of relations and friends in the intimate circle he had known and loved, and in which there was no longer a place for him. Those thick and gloomy walls seemed to separate him from everything for all eternity; he believed himself forgotten by all and set aside, and a morbid suspicion crept into his oppressed spirit. He felt he was losing faith even in his own innocence, even in the conquering power of truth.

But all of a sudden, at the little iron-barred

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window of the prison there shone something bright, and at the same moment the exhausted breast of the unfortunate captive was flooded with beneficial warmth, and his heart was filled with the light of renewed hope and faith. He sighed deeply, roused himself from his mournful lethargy, dried his tears, and a healing sleep closed his eyelids.

And the shining star who had come down from heaven took the image of her for whom the unhappy prisoner burned with so pure a love. She appeared to him in sweet dreams—now in the form of that great Christian who, in the pagan circus, before the rebuked and wondering people, stood undismayed by the furious tigers, seeking with surprised and noble eyes the friendly hand which had thrown a white rose at her feet—now he beheld her in the form of a woman wreathed in myrtle, who bore a branch of olive and of balsam in her hand, and healed the wounds his iron chains had caused.

And this woman whispered endearing and encouraging words to him—

"Tremble not, my beloved, nor lose thy faith in truth, in love. The shining stars have fallen from heaven, and have brought love, and peace, and truth upon this sinful earth. The hour will come when thine enemies shall be put to shame by their own misdeeds."

And the prisoner forgot his woes, and no longer felt the galling of his chains; his faith revived, and the sacred flame of hope sprang up anew within his breast.

* * * * *

A poet sat silent, thoughtful, and sad. He had grown weary of his poems, in which he had sung of sparkling wine, of beautiful women, of the charms and voluptuousness of the spring—those magnificent poems which had created such a sensation. He sought another theme, one which should reveal his love for the people who inspired him, which should rouse the thinkers and sober the drunken with its spiritual truth, and bring back faith in life to those who had lost it. But he could not find such a theme; the harmonious lines and sonorous measures refused to surge into his brain.

It was as though the poet had been betrayed by the endless vortex of gaiety in which the throng amongst whom he lived spent a perennial holiday; it was as though the genius in him had all been exhausted; as though his dissipations had robbed him of every ideal; and he was filled with grief and discouragement, desperately cursing himself, his friends, and the life he led; and on the holy night he fell asleep with similar anathema on his lips. But

whilst he slept a miracle took place. It seemed to him that a shining star had fallen from heaven, that a fiery spark had alighted on his exhausted heart—a grateful warmth inundated like a soothing wave his frozen breast, tears bathed his burning eyes, his brain gained new strength, and within his soul awoke a holy inspiration.

"Thou desirest a theme for thy winged poems," murmured the shining star. "Look; behold the theme thou hast desired."

And before the mental eye of the sleeping poet a vision appeared. In his dreams he saw a solitary village covered with snow; in the distance a country school-house, small and mean. A swarm of ragged children, gathered within the narrow space, were listening eagerly to the ardent words which issued from the feeble lips of an almost dying martyr. The shining star had taken her image. He looked yet again! And the poet beheld a bloody battle-field; one battalion opposed to another, eager for strife, burning with rage, thirsty for blood; and as the bullets hissed and sped the people fell with groans and cries. Human blood flowed like water through the wide valley. But in the midst of the combatants and the noise one generous heart beat with love. In the midst of the general strife some one bent over the fallen, and sought with tenderness to soothe their terrible pain; and the poet recognised the weak and suffering martyr. The shining star had taken her holy form.

The poet awoke. The harmonious verses and sonorous lines came at his desire, and the prophetic song burst from his heart.

* * * * *

Many other noble deeds and miracles did the shining stars perform in that holy night. From the blue sky the other stars looked down on them, some with fear, others with curiosity.

The legend narrates that it was on that holy night that the golden stars first began to descend upon the earth. Some are lost amidst the thick clouds, others are scattered in bright fragments on the rocks; and these are sung of in heaven by the Virgin of the Stars. But of those which reach the earth the poet sings in his immortal poems.

And this is why Aurora brings more love upon the earth, and men seek to do good one to another. The voice of Holy Truth is more strong, more powerful. And ever nearer draws the eve of that great day when, like brethren, we shall cry all together, "Our Redeemer hath appeared."

HELEN ZIMMERN.

The Last Year of the Century

BY W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

THE year which is now closing is the last of the nineteenth century, the twentieth commencing on January 1, 1901. It may be of general interest to take occasion to reflect on the state of the world in the closing years of previous centuries since the Christian era. The Roman empire in the year A.D. 100 had not long been delivered from the tyranny and cruelty of Domitian, and was under the firm and generally equitable administration of Trajan, celebrated for his victories in Dacia and in the East. Although it does not appear that he put a stop to the persecution of the Christians, he at least mitigated it, and his letter to Pliny is well known, in which he directs that the State shall not take the initiative in interfering with them. It was probably about this time that the last of the apostles, John, the son of Zebedee, died at Ephesus.

In the year A.D. 200 Severus was lord of the Roman world, having become sole emperor about six years before. Not long afterwards he made an expedition into Britain, penetrating farther north than any other Roman general, and dying at York in A.D. 211, during his return from fighting the Caledonians.

In A.D. 300 Diocletian had entered upon his attempt to reorganise and restore the prosperity of the Roman empire by dividing it into portions ruled by two principal emperors with the title of Augustus, and two inferior ones each to be called Cæsar. One of these, named Constantius, was supreme in the western provinces, having recovered Britain for the empire, after its revolt under Carausius. Constantius died at York in A.D. 306; he was the father of Constantine the Great, who became the first Christian Emperor of Rome, but removed the capital to Constantinople.

In A.D. 400 the Roman dominion was tottering to its fall. The empire had five years before been finally separated into two portions under the two sons of Theodosius the Great—Arcadius ruling the east, and Honorius the west; but both being men of exceedingly weak characters. Honorius usually resided at Ravenna, and Rome itself was taken and sacked by several barbarian hordes, the first time under Alaric the Goth. The western empire ceased to exist in A.D. 476; but the eastern (often called the Greek or Byzantine, from the old name of Constantinople) subsisted for several centuries more, until finally destroyed by the Turks in 1453.

In A.D. 500 Italy was a kingdom under the Gothic king Theodoric; the Frankish king Clovis, who became a Christian, had established that power at Paris, which afterwards became the modern kingdom of France; the Saxons and Angles were gaining possession piecemeal of the southern part of Britain (except the extreme

west), which thus eventually acquired the name of Angle-land or England, the western part, into which the Britons had retired, being called by the conquerors Welch-land or Wales.

When we come to A.D. 600, we find England divided into a number of Angle and Saxon kingdoms, commonly called simply the Heptarchy; and Augustine had recently entered upon his mission in Kent, which resulted by degrees in the conversion of the English (as we may now call them) to Christianity, though that of the northern part of the country was chiefly due to missionaries from Iona in the Hebrides.

The latter part of the century which closed in A.D. 700, was chiefly remarkable for the conquests of the Arabs or Saracens, who, after they had adopted the religion preached by the false prophet Mohammed (who died in A.D. 632), started on a career which brought all southwestern Asia and the northern coast of Africa under their rule; they even attacked Constantinople on several occasions, but failed to take it. In the following century, however, they became masters of the greater part of Spain; but, invading France also, were beaten off and defeated by Charles Martel, in a great battle at Tours, in A.D. 732.

In A.D. 800 Charles (usually called Charlemagne) the grandson of Charles Martel and son of Pepin (who had become king of the Franks in 752), after having destroyed the kingdom of the Lombards in northern Italy, was made Emperor by the Pope. Egbert, king of the West Saxons, who obtained supremacy over all the kings of the Heptarchy, and is therefore sometimes looked upon as virtually the first king of England, was in early life at the court of Charles.

Although the death of Alfred the Great is generally supposed to have taken place in A.D. 901, it probably occurred towards the end of 899, so that 900 was the first year of the reign of his son, Edward the Elder. Not long before, Charles the Simple, king of France, allowed the Normans to hold the northern part of France, which thus became Normandy. Germany was in a state of anarchy, owing to the attacks of the Normans on one side, and the Magyars or Hungarians on the other, and the weakness of the successors of Charlemagne. Tranquillity, however, was restored by Henry (commonly called Henry the Fowler) who became king of Germany in A.D. 918. He was succeeded by his son Otto I, who was crowned emperor in A.D. 962, after which the kings of Germany were regularly placed in this position, first conferred upon Charlemagne by Pope Leo III.

In A.D. 1000, whilst Otto III was king of Germany and Emperor, Poland became a kingdom under Boleslaus, and Hungary under Stephen.

The Last Year of the Century

England was governed by Ethelred the Unready, whose cruelty and weakness led to the conquest of England by the Danes under Canute, who became king of the country, as well as of Denmark, in 1017.

In A.D. 1100 took place the death of William Rufus, king of England, and son of William the Conqueror. Jerusalem had not long before been taken by the Crusaders from the Seljukian Turks, who had come into its possession after the Saracens.

In A.D. 1200 John (probably the worst of our monarchs) was crowned king of England, having succeeded his brother Richard Cœur de Lion the year before. His disputes with Philip Augustus, king of France, who had deserted Richard in the Holy Land (whilst both were on the third crusade), commenced this year; they finally ended (after John's murder of his nephew Arthur, in 1202) in the recovery by France of Normandy, which had been united to the English crown by William the Conqueror, and held by the kings of England from that time, except during the short rule of Robert, William's eldest son, as Duke. The Emperor Henry VI, who held our Richard in captivity until he was heavily ransomed, died in 1197. He was the son of Frederick I (surnamed by the Italians Barbarossa or Red Beard), who was drowned in Asia Minor whilst on his way to take part in the crusade. At the time we are now speaking of, the German succession was disputed, many of the princes supporting Philip, Henry's brother, but the Pope, Innocent III (the same who afterwards excommunicated King John and obtained his humiliating surrender), took the part of Otto IV, son of Henry the Lion, Duke of Bavaria. Philip was murdered in 1208, and Otto was then crowned; but, taking part with John, they were both defeated, in 1214, by Philip Augustus of France at Bouvines, and Otto abdicated, being succeeded by Frederick II, the son of Henry VI, and grandson of Frederick Barbarossa.

We now pass on to A.D. 1300, when Edward I was king of England, and engaged in his abortive scheme to possess himself of Scotland, as he had done of Wales. Philip IV (surnamed Le Bel, or the Fair) was king of France, and had a long quarrel with the Pope, Boniface VIII, which did not terminate till the death of the latter in 1303, caused principally by a short captivity whilst at a great age. It was he who, in 1300, first instituted the year of jubilee in the Romish Church. The Emperor at that time was Albert I.

In 1400, Henry IV was king of England, having procured the deposition of Richard II the year before. The poet Chaucer died the same year. France was in trouble and confusion in consequence of the insanity of the king, Charles VI, and the disputes of the great nobles. In Germany, Wenceslaus, who inherited the throne also of Bohemia from his father, the Emperor Charles IV, was deposed this year, and Rupert elected in his room.

Very different was the state of Europe in A.D. 1500. England was ruled by the first Tudor king, Henry VII, and France by Louis XII, who afterwards married the younger daughter of the former. Maximilian I was Emperor, and his grandson (who also became Emperor as Charles V after the death of Maximilian in 1519) was born in this very year. Spain had become united by the marriage of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile, and in their reign the Moors were deprived of their last possession in the Peninsula. Columbus had discovered America eight years before, and was now in the West Indies for the third time.

In 1600 Elizabeth still ruled in England, and Henry IV in France. The second marriage of the latter (with Mary de Medicis, afterwards mother of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I of England) took place in this year. Bruno was burnt at Rome for his philosophical opinions. Rudolf II was Emperor, and his rule, through the influence of the Jesuits, was most unfortunate for Germany. Philip III had two years before succeeded his father as king of Spain, with which he had united the thrones of Portugal; but the latter achieved its independence again in the reign of Philip IV, son and successor of Philip III.

We have quite reached modern times in A.D. 1700. England was, under William III, taking part in the great struggle against Louis XIV of France, which was only terminated by the victories of Marlborough in the reign of Queen Anne. Philip V, grandson of Louis XIV of France, became king of Spain this year. The Emperor Leopold I was approaching the end of his long and feeble reign. This was the year of the battle of Narva, in which Charles XII of Sweden was victorious over Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia, who defeated him at Pultowa nine years later.

In 1800 Napoleon (who had been made First Consul on December 24 of the previous year, ten days after the death of Washington) effected his famous passage over the Alps and gained the battle of Marengo. Francis II was king of Germany and head of the so-called Holy Roman Empire, which came to an end four years later, when Napoleon took the title of Emperor of the French, and Francis that of Emperor of Austria.

The present century began in a time of war, trouble, and confusion. But it is refreshing to remember that other matters were in progress as well. The Religious Tract Society and the Church Missionary Society had commenced their labours in the cause of the Gospel the year before. Sir William Herschel was in the midst of his astronomical discoveries, and Sir Humphry Davy had recently entered upon his career in the science of chemistry. And, in referring to 1800, it is impossible to pass over the fact that the gentle Cowper, whose poetry all can admire and with whose life all feel sympathy, died on April 25 in that year.

Artists in Embryo

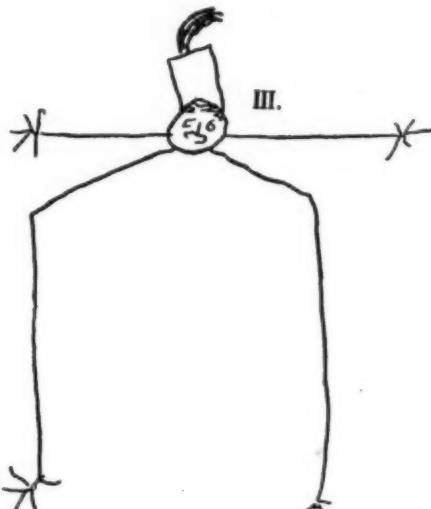
DRAWINGS BY DAMASCUS CHILDREN

MISS MARGARET JOHNSTON writes to us from the British Syrian Mission, Damascus:—The article in your January number, "Artists in Embryo," interested and amused us very much, and we were curious to know how our children here, drawn from

and that most elementary—see the fringe on the limbs of No. VIII—few did not crown him with the indispensable fez, and the tassel



I.



III.



IIa.

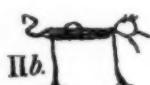


IVa.

teachers never draw in their sight—not even diagrams; and the scribbling of caricatures and drawings of all sorts on books and walls is an unknown offence here. So it was quite a novelty to them to be told to draw a man on their slates.

The enclosed are some typical results.

The majority (see figs. III, IVa, V, VII, X) gave the man no body at all, but hardly



IIb.

respectively of figures V and VII are exact facsimiles of some of your illustrations.

The horse, attempted by a few daring spirits, is a very rudimentary animal, but always wears

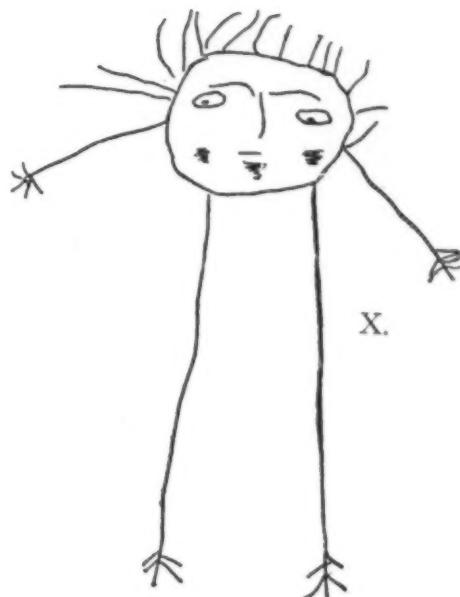
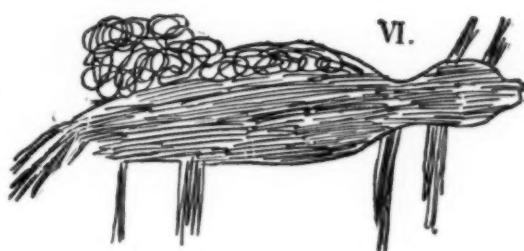
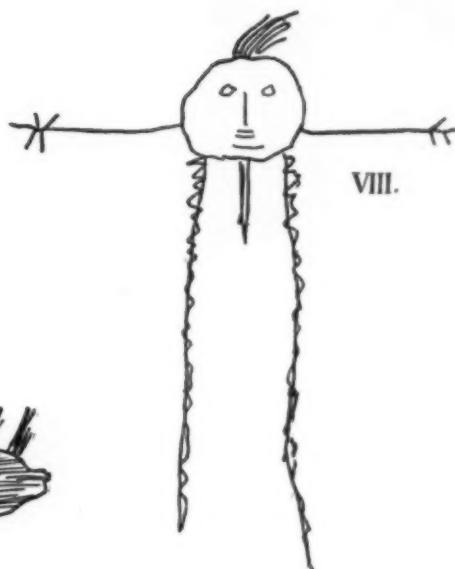
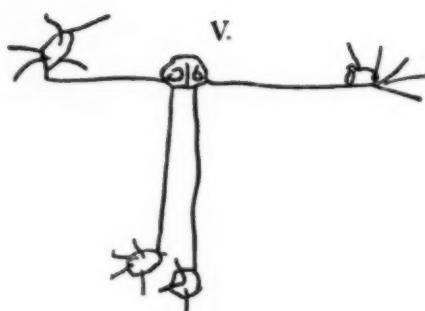


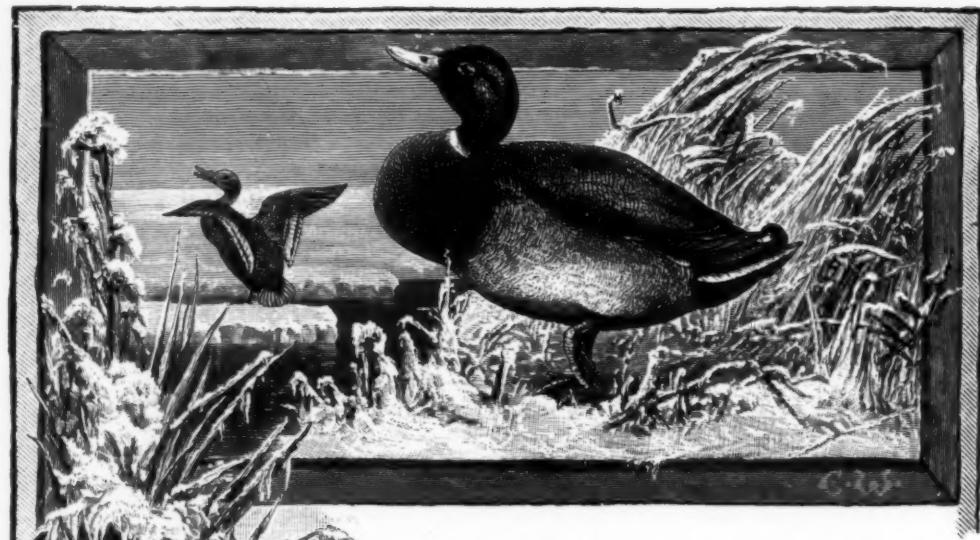
IVb.

a child of the thirty omitted his eyebrows! Is it that this is so marked a feature in Syria? Again, although only two supplied any clothing,

a saddle (see figs. IIb, IVb); and the masterpiece, fig. VI, has the traveller's roll of baggage as well.

Artists in Embryo





What shall we do with our Leisure Time in Winter?

Contributions by Our Readers.

The following selections on this subject are made from the Prize Essays of the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod ("L. H." 1900, pp. 93 and 383).

I.

OUR leisure time should be a source of great pleasure and satisfaction, and certainly ought not to be allowed to dribble through our fingers, and leave nothing solid behind. To waste money is bad enough, but to waste time is far worse. Many have not much leisure, and that is a strong reason for making good use of what they have.

It is quite true that life is not meant to be all work; it is also true that "change of labour is rest." The best method of spending our spare hours must depend considerably upon various circumstances, such as age, education, taste, and ability.

Reading.—Many find great satisfaction in devoting the greater portion of their leisure time to reading. There can hardly be a more unfailing source of delight and self-improvement. In these days of cheap literature and free libraries, the opportunities are infinitely greater than in the days of our fathers, especially for those who live in large towns and are within easy reach of a public library. As to the nature of our reading, this must depend upon the idiosyncrasies of the reader. It is an excellent plan to adopt some regular system, especially where time is limited. . . . It is desirable, particularly for young readers, to follow up some special line in literature which is either adapted to fit them better for their calling, or falls in with their peculiar bias of thought. . . . The pleasure of reading may be immensely increased by joining together in the family circle, or in some reading circle, and comparing notes with one another. The enjoyment of discussing a book with others who have just read it will greatly increase the pleasure of conversation.

Music.—Some are musical; and here we have one of the brightest and purest gifts granted to our poor human nature. To spend one's leisure in cultivating the gift of music, either by the practice of singing or playing some musical instrument, is not merely a good way of using leisure time, but also tends to make its votaries more valuable members of society. The cultivation of

What shall we do with our Leisure Time in Winter?

music is an unselfish pastime, and if the members of a family group can harmonise with each other, the winter evenings, so far from being "leaden-footed," will fly along as on eagles' wings.

A Special Study.—If our spare time is not too spare, it is a good plan certainly for young people to devote some time to the acquisition of at least one specific department of knowledge. To master a language, short-hand, or some branch of science in the line of our occupation, is not only a profitable task, but will give a zest and charm to what might otherwise become wasted hours. There are doubtless some persons to whom such ideas are perfectly painful; but to many it will impart a joy and enthusiasm to the leisure hour which no mere amusement could equal. It may also lay a foundation for some higher and nobler calling in future years. If possible, it is better to carry forward such studies in companionship with others.

Essay Writing.—There is another way of filling up leisure time, which to many may prove the most delightful and profitable of all. It affords infinite possibilities for all classes of men and women. It will add greatly to the pleasure of reading, if we learn to write out our own thoughts in good and vigorous language. In the preparation of an Essay or Thesis, all the mental powers are called forth in a most pleasant manner. Memory, reason, and imagination will all be exercised; and by joining some literary society, we may not only find an appreciative audience for our compositions, but kindly criticism, and an opportunity of comparing our own powers with those of others.

Games.—For those who require some lighter pursuit, or, as a healthy alternative to the foregoing, such games as those of Chess and Draughts, especially the former, will afford endless amusement, and healthy exercise for the leisure hour. They call forth the intelligence, test the patience and good temper; and, as after a small initial outlay they will cost nothing, are within the reach of every one. The chief, perhaps the only danger of such games is that we are liable to become so absorbed in them that they will engross all our spare time, as well as our spare thought.

Value of Leisure.—Not many persons realise the immense value of their leisure time, or despise it because it is so small. Even two hours every week-day means six hundred and twenty-four hours every year, or seventy-eight days of eight hours each. There are numerous examples of those who, in the discharge of their daily duties, would never have been heard of, but have become illustrious by reason of the occupation of their spare time. We may often bring about grander issues by our chosen recreation than by our allotted daily toil. There is at command a treasure we have, perhaps, hardly learned to estimate; we cannot tell what may be accomplished by its means. The choice companionship, the pleasant ramble,

the entertaining book, the eager and healthy competition, the quiet study, the earnest class, the animated debate, the joy of successful endeavour, the discoveries of the fairy page of science, the revelations of the beautiful world of Art, and all the untold wealth of Literature: such are a few of the charms brought within our reach by the leisure hour. We have before us a storehouse of wonders, and have simply to choose which shall be ours.

J. W. MAXWELL.

II.

THE writer's lot in life is cast amidst the fisher-folk of a Cornish hamlet, and if he give a plain account of a few of his methods of passing away leisure time during the winter months the purpose of this paper may be fulfilled. Believing that there is sufficient material always at hand to occupy one's attention profitably, he has endeavoured to put the late Poet Laureate's thought into action—

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
Though 'tis the distant and the dim
He ever strives to greet."

Collecting Seaweeds.—A dull November morning dawns. 'Tis Saturday, and school and scholars are for the time forgotten as the teacher wanders forth for a stroll on the beach. Armed with walking-stick and roughly-made cardboard satchel, he goes in quest of material for one of his leisure hour pastimes. See him tossing over the tangled piles of seaweed the tide has stranded! How carefully he selects the scarlet, and pink, and olive-brown specimens he has learned to prize so much! They are carefully dropped into the satchel, and the investigation and collection proceed.

By and by the ramble comes to an end, and with his treasured seaweeds the wanderer hies away homeward. Here preparations are made for mounting the specimens, and while the rain without patters on the pane the choice fronds are floated in water, carefully "teased" out with a bit of pointed stick, spread on paper (under water), and gently withdrawn from the dish or soup-plate. Nothing now remains to be done but to press the specimens thus mounted between the leaves of a heavy book, first covering each with a piece of clean white rag or piece of calico (which has been previously washed). In a couple of days the seaweeds may be examined, the cloth withdrawn, and the finished specimen is ready for scrap album or card. Who will deny this to be a profitable way of spending one's leisure? Recreation and instruction are combined, some sick-room may be brightened by these "flowers of the sea," and the thought uplifted to the God Who has made "all things bright and beautiful."

Making Trout Flies.—Yet another leisure hour pursuit of a rustic pedagogue! The

What shall we do with our Leisure Time in Winter?

quotation made just now recalls another of the great poet's couplets that comes to one amid the storms of winter, and forms a pleasant picture—

"For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

And the "brook" recalls the "angler," and the latter suggests his book of trout flies made in the intervals of winter-time leisure. A walk along the field paths, or a stroll through the woods can be made of some profit even to a fly-fisher. Dropped by some passing bird, a feather lies by the wayside. It is carefully stored for future use. In the park the peacock is sunning himself. Here, too, is an opportunity, and the glittering plume is discovered in the tall grass, to be transferred to the pockets of the rambler. When old winter comes, the work of setting up home-made trout flies begins. Observation has made him acquainted with the flies that frequent the district during the fishing season. So he selects his feathers, stripping the plumules from "pheasant" or "partridge," or the humble barn-yard rooster. These are skilfully blended and arranged round the hook, until line by line and leaf by leaf his "fly-book" is stocked with a supply of home-made flies for the trout season. And when the may is in bloom, and the dog-rose perfumes the air, you may see him, rod in hand, clambering the boulders of his favourite brook, humming, it may be, the while—

"And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

When the moon rises and he bends his way homeward with a well-filled basket, say, does he regret that he employed a few leisure moments of the winter-time in preparing means to prosecute a summer pastime?

Making Lantern Slides.—There remains another method of employing one's leisure time in winter. And that is the making of lantern slides. The summer holiday furnishes many a negative taken by the camera during wanderings by river, lake, and seashore. When the dark days of winter appear, and outdoor photographic work is discontinued, then comes the opportunity for searching over the stock of negatives accumulated during the summer months. With a suitable supply, the materials are arranged, solutions made up, and the work proceeds. One by one the scenes of sunshiny days return in the developed plates—here a bit of woodland with elm and beech-foliage clad, there a stretch of river with the white tents of

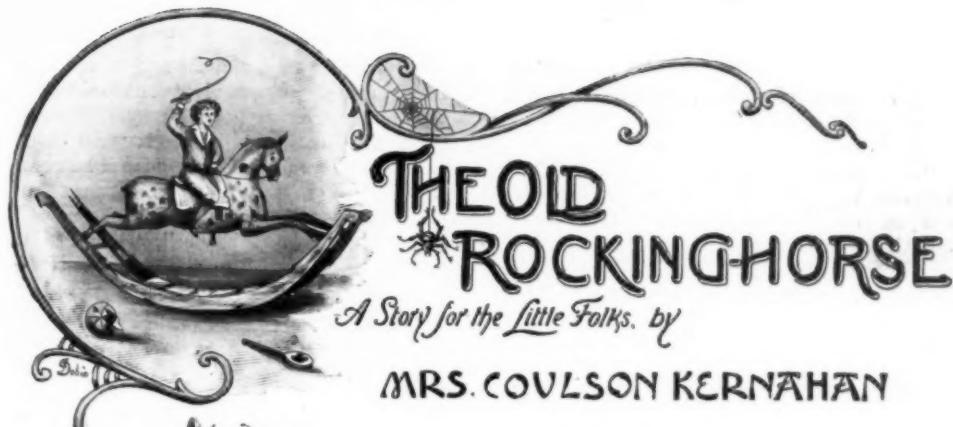
"campers-out," and the smoke of picnickers' fires curling high in the bright sky. The hour or two thus spent passes all too quickly, and when the screen is uplifted and the expressions of pleasure fall from appreciative lips one is well repaid for the time and labour expended.

The instances given are amongst the methods adopted to answer the question at the head of this paper. To that query one might be permitted to add another, "What is the *end in view* of your leisure time?" If it be simply to gratify individual pleasure, such leisure is not well spent; but if its purpose be to bring happiness to others—a scrap of seaweed for an invalid's pleasure, a trout or two for a sick child's meal, or a few slides to brighten the lot of the destitute—surely such must bless "him that gives and him that takes."—J. H. HARRIS.

III.

Leisure in its effect on Character.—A moment's thought makes it plain that the way a person spends his leisure time must have a great influence on the formation of his character. During this time he has, broadly speaking, full freedom to regulate his life according to his own desires. He is free from the many influences by which, in our modern industrial system, with its necessary features of authority and obedience, he has his life partly arranged for him by others. How he occupies his leisure time then is obviously of very great importance to him. If he idly allow the valuable hours to slide by without any effort on his part to improve himself, he will almost certainly deteriorate. But if he have any moral backbone—any genuine desire to improve himself and others—he will quickly find that there is no need to invent or adopt any methods of merely passing the time away. His difficulty will be to choose from among the many useful ways of spending leisure time, the best for his own particular circumstances.

Citizenship.—Now that practically every male adult has, through the representative system, an equal share in the government of our country, it is important that we should make ourselves acquainted with, at least, the chief legislative and administrative features of our central and local governing bodies. For this purpose there are many excellent books, which may either be bought cheaply, or borrowed from the public libraries. There are also such lectures as the University Extension Series. And these, as far as possible, should be supplemented by personal investigation.—HENRY WOOD.



Robbie, had grown into a man with a beard, and had given his old playmate to his sister's children.

These children had in their turn grown into great school-boys, so the old horse, like the other toys, was left forsaken in the big nursery at the top of the house. Broken-down furniture and old magazines had found their way there, together with travelling-trunks and portmanteaux. Spiders had spun their webs over the windows, and dust lay thick on everything.

When little Basil found his way into the old nursery it seemed to him like an enchanted palace. The spiders and dust only made him think that somewhere he would find the "sleeping beauty." The litter of toys and paper and boxes suggested hidden treasure. Once in this room of delightful possibilities, he did not care how long his mother and aunt continued their wearisome talks down-stairs of what they called "old times." He stretched himself on a faded couch while he considered where to begin his operations, and stared at the deeply-cut initials on the mantel-shelf, and regretted that the chimney-piece in the nursery at home, being stone, did not lend itself to similar delights. With a sigh he rolled over, and the old rocking-horse met his gaze. He looked at it so long that his eyes blinked. Older people would have said that just then the old horse creaked—as old things have a way of doing. But children understand these things better than old folks who have grown dull. Basil knew quite well that the old horse had sighed, and he asked him what was the matter.

"I was only wishing some one would smarten me up a bit," said the horse. "My left eye is in that box with the tin soldiers. My tail is tied to a stick in that cupboard where the tools are—a bit of glue would stick both in. And one stirrup is nailed to the table-drawer for a handle. It could be got off, and tied to my saddle-strap with a bit of string. My mane is gone for ever. Johnny put it on a mask for whiskers one Guy Fawkes day, and Herbert threw it on the bonfire. I don't suppose any of the nails can be got out that Tom knocked into my sides; they are in too tight. Nor can the buttons and marbles be got out of my inside that Johnny put in through the hole in my neck. But I might be smartened up a little!"

"Oh, if that is all you want I dare say I can help you," said Basil, jumping up and running to the cupboard. "Here's your tail, anyway! and here's a bottle of liquid glue too. Now I'll look for your eye."

"You know," went on the old horse, "I heard the mother saying the other day that she would send me back to my old home if I were not so shabby."

Basil, who had found the missing eye, was now fixing it in its place with plenty of glue, which ran down and dropped off the horse's nose. Basil was sure he saw a tear drop from the other eye.

"Does it hurt?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't mind that," said the horse. "It is like old times to be hurt by a little boy; besides, one must always suffer if one would look fine."

"Yes; nurse says something like that when I cry while she combs my hair," said Basil.

"Robbie didn't cry to have his hair combed," said the horse shortly. "He didn't even cry when the soap was in his eyes. By now he has grown into a brave man! When he fell off me

The Old Rocking-horse

and made his leg bleed, he said it was nothing, and just got on me again. But he did cry when he parted from me."

"Well, he was a coward *once*, anyway."

"No, he wasn't," snorted the horse. "It isn't cowardly to cry because you are leaving some one you love."

"All the same, don't toss your head like that, or your eye will drop out again," cried Basil warningly. "But you may go on telling me about Robbie."

"I was his dearest friend," went on the horse. "He told me all about his troubles, and showed me all his new things; and he used to learn his lessons sitting on my back. When he had a piece of cake he used to push a bit in through the hole in my neck, and rock me to make it drop into my stomach."

"Oh! then the hole has been there a long time."

"Yes; Robbie made it to feed me through; those other boys only put buttons and marbles in, and old nails. Robbie always gave me a bit of cake with the biggest plum in it. When he was ill he asked for me, and the mother had me put by the bedside, and I watched him night and day. His little hand grew so thin and pale, and he used to slip it out from under the quilt to stroke me."

"There! your tail's in now," cried Basil. "So now I will see if I can get the stirrup off the drawer; then I think I will sponge you up a bit."

"If you could only make me look nice they would send me back for Robbie's boy, and I should see Robbie again before I die. You are a kind little boy, and Robbie will love you."

"Tell me some more. You look ever so much better already," said Basil, tugging away at the stirrup. "And I dare say when you get back to Robbie he will have you painted up."

"Yes," said the old horse; "he will have me done up like new, and he will tell his little boy

to love me for his sake, and all my happy days will begin again. Often at night I have listened to the wind roaring in the chimney and have shivered with cold, and have thought how Robbie would have put a rug over me if he were here."

Just then the gong sounded for luncheon.

"I must go now," said Basil, "but I will come up again and finish you."

* * * * *

"Auntie," Basil began, when he was seated at the table, "I have been mending up the old rocking-horse; won't you send it to Uncle Robbie's boy?"

Basil was too wise to repeat all the old horse had told him, for he knew that grown-up people never understand that toys talk to the children.

"Yes, I think I will," auntie replied.

The gas was lit in the entrance-hall of a big house in a country town. A little white-frocked child raced to the door to meet a tall, handsome man who had just entered.

"Papa! papa! the old wocking-horse is tum—it was youse when you was ickle boy; tum and see it."

The father perched his little son on his shoulder and mounted the stairs to the nursery, where the firelight danced on the pictured walls.

The old rocking-horse was waiting almost faint with joy—he was soon to see his beloved master, to feel his caress.

The father placed his son on the floor, and advanced to his old playmate.

"What an old scarecrow!" he exclaimed, laughing. "Whatever could your aunt have been thinking of to send it! We will dispatch it to be chopped up for firewood, and buy you a new one."

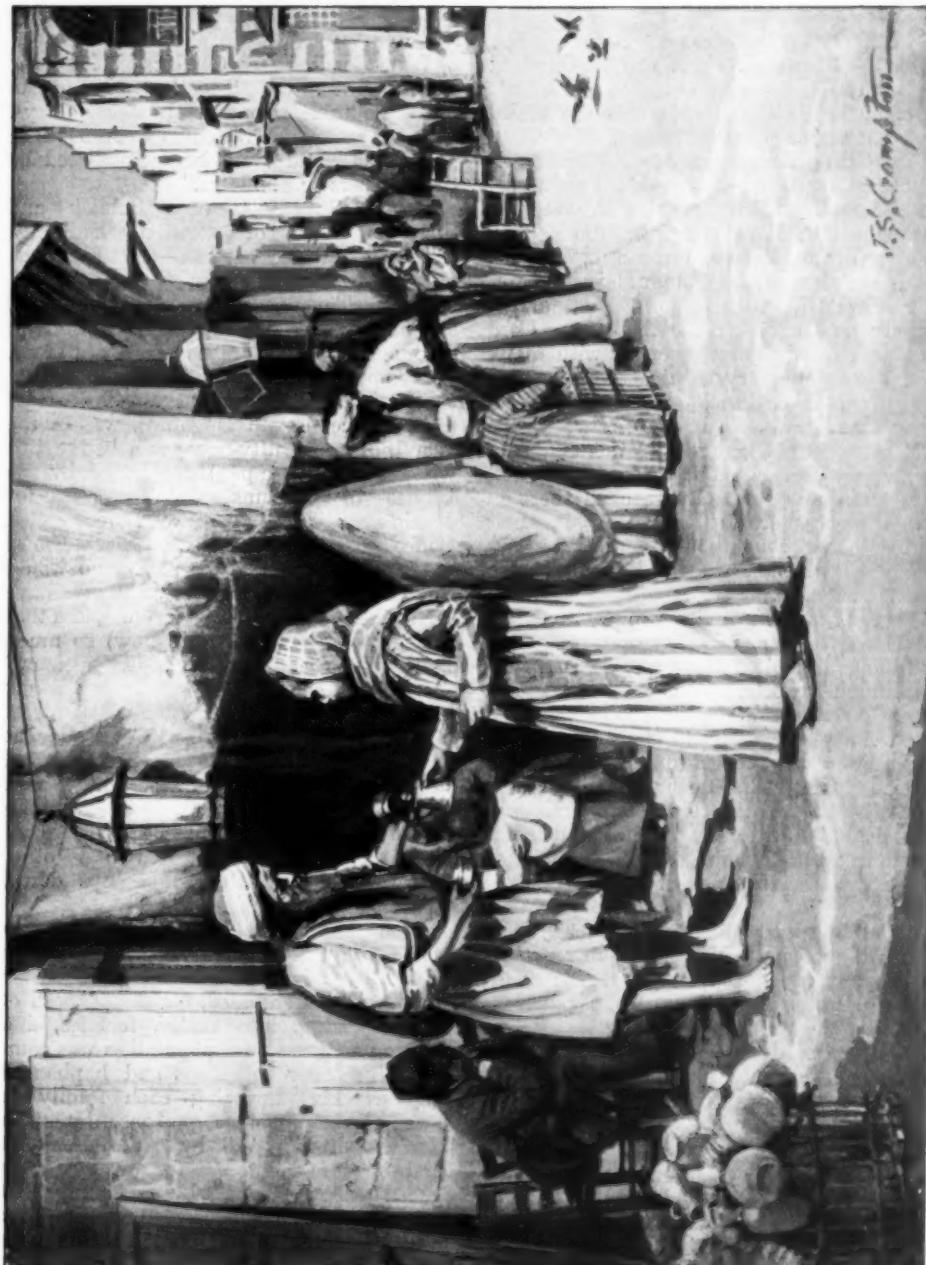
So the old horse was carried off to the back-yard.

But nobody knew that his heart was broken!



Drawn for the "Leisure Hour"
by A. B. CROMPTON, R.I.

STREET SCENE IN CAIRO



A New View of London, 1708

THE "New View" was new one hundred and ninety-two years ago, and affords some curious glimpses into the life of the past as one turns the pages.

Here are a few gleanings.

"*Spittle Yard*.—East side of Bishopsgate Street. Here was formerly Priory and Hospital, St. Mary Spittle, founded by Walter Brune, Mercer, and Rosia, his wife. The Archdeacon of London laid the first stone in 1197, which Hospital was surrendered to Henry VIII. Here the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs with many Nobility and Gentry, as also the Governor and Children of Christ's Hospital, used to hear three Sermons in Easter week. In the year 1632 Three Brothers named Wincope were called from Places remote, one from another, and preached there on three days, agreeing so nicely in their Subject that the second continued what the first began, and the third brought it to a conclusion."

"*Cornhill*.—An extraordinary publick, pleasant and spacious street of noble Buildings inhabited mostly by rich Traders, as Linnen Drapers. It had its name from being a corn Market time out of mind. Here is a spacious Building called the Pope's Head Tavern, one of the most ancient of that calling I find in London, and that wine, about Henry VI's time, was there sold for one Penny per Pint, and Bread given into the bargain."

"*Duke Humphreys*.—A broad passage from Puddle Dock, W., to Blackfriars. This Name was given to this place from the Duke keeping his Court here as many believe (and there is yet one House called Duke Humphreys), and perhaps some of them lived here, who fancying themselves Servants to Duke Humphrey, or the Duke of Gloucester, and used, therefore, to meet every St. Andrew's Day at Sir John Beauchamp's Tomb in St. Paul's (which they mistook for the Duke's, that being at St. Alban's), and there would strew Flowers and sprinkle Water in hopes of a good dinner which they returned (as they must needs) without, like Superstitious Fools; the Duke having made no provision for them. And thus came the saying ('tis likely) of dining with Duke Humphrey."

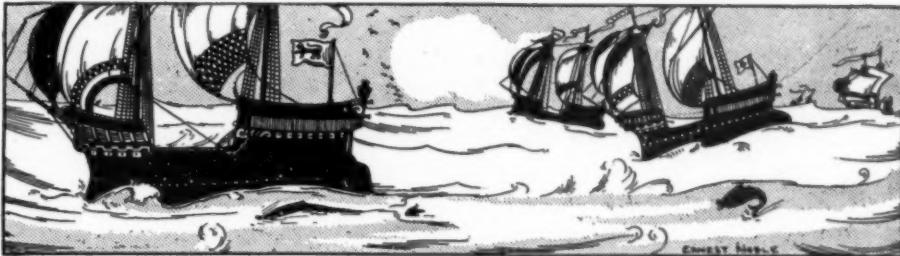
"*Fetter Lane*.—Or Fewter Lane, because Fewters (or Idle people) lay there as being

a Lane leading to Gardens before the Street was built." The idlers seem to have pointed a moral in those days. Turning the pages we come upon Dolittle Lane, "so called as not being inhabited by Shopkeepers or Artificers."

"*Fleet Street*.—A very Publick and Spacious Street of excellent Buildings which fetch great rents—few or none under £40 or £50. In this Street are nineteen Taverns, as many Booksellers, and many Linnen Drapers. I find it recorded that one James Farr, a Barber, who kept the Coffee House which is now the *Rainbow*, by the Inner Temple Gate (one of the first in England), was in the year 1657 (only fifty-one years before this writer takes up the pen) prosecuted by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, for Making and Selling a sort of Liquor called Coffee, as a great Nusance and Prejudice of the Neighbourhood, &c. And who would then have thought London would ever have had three thousand such Nusances, and that Coffee would have been (as now) so much Drank by the best of Quality and Physicians."

"*Horsley-down*.—Between Tooley Street and Rope Yard, Southwark. This street (as I was told by a sober Counsellor at Law, who said he had it from an old Record) was so called for that the Water, formerly overflowing it, was so effectually drawn off, that the place became a plain Green Field, where Horses and other Cattel used to Pasture and Lye down, before the Street was built."

This was the London of Queen Anne, in which the Prime Quality, as our author puts it, lived in St. James's Square; when the people were divided, for the purpose of census taking, into males, females, and fighting men, and the population was computed in many ingenious and haphazard fashions by supposing each family to number six or eight persons, by "the Medium of Burials," by "the Book of Tythes" of each Parish, or by "the Queen's Tax Books," by reckoning that 98,000 died in the plague of 1665—one fifth of the People, the population being then consequently 490,000—and allowing for an increase on the basis that London doubled itself in forty years by the "Chalders of Coal" imported; by the "Consumption of Beer," etc. etc.



Over-Sea Notes From Our Own Correspondents

A Town without Meat

AN illustration of the extent to which South Africa is becoming dependent on its imports for its food supplies comes to us from Maritzburg. The rinderpest before the war had left Natal almost bare of cattle; and since then the country north of the Tugela has been declared infected by reason of heavy sickness, and no cattle can be brought southward across it. For some time therefore the butchers have been almost entirely dependent on frozen meat brought from abroad. The supply of meat to the Natal Field Force amounts to fifty thousand pounds a day, and if a vessel fails to arrive at its proper time, the reserve stocks must be speedily exhausted. As a consequence, it happened lately that Maritzburg was left for a couple of days entirely without meat. Durban and other places fared scarcely better. Of the cattle slaughtered for the army, the great bulk have been imported from Madagascar, Australia, and South America.

Recent Malarial Experiments

ROME's belt of malaria is so often used as a reproach against her, that one is glad to know in this year, 1900, of special efforts to fight the insidious enemy. Abundant, up-to-date ambulance relief has been afforded to poor working people stricken down on the Campagna, and means held in readiness for their transportation to Rome when they could not be treated on the spot. As the germs of malaria are thought to be communicated by the virulent *anopheles*—a kind of female mosquito—it has been successfully attempted to protect a certain number of people from the sting of that insect. The railroad officials and their families at the stations where malarial fever is most pernicious and frequent have been ordered to wear gloves and veils, and their windows and doors have been protected by wire netting. Most happy results are reported, and where complete protection from the mosquito

has been obtained, fever has been nil, or in greatly decreasing proportion.—M. A. T.

Japan Past and Present

M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX, who since the fall of the Government in which he was Minister of Foreign Affairs has been filling up his time assiduously with literary work, has recently expressed some very forcible views in writing with respect to the past and present of Japan. Like many others he has been greatly impressed by the very prominent part taken by the Japanese in connection with the Chinese imbroglio. He has also been filled with wonder at the artistic history of these people—an enchainment of schools absolutely national and remarkably original more than a thousand years ago—as it stands revealed in the retrospective section of the official pavilion at the Paris Exhibition. M. Hanotaux scouts the popular notion that Japan is a "young country." To him it is one of the oldest as well as one of the most stable nations now existing, and he sees in the portentous manner in which it has come into the front line as a military and political power in Asia a logical outcome of qualities which have been working towards this destiny for ages. "The actual dynasty now reigning in Japan, or at any rate the Empire in its fundamental constitution, goes back," says M. Hanotaux, "2500 years without interruption. It existed 333 years before the conquest of India by Alexander the Great. It has continued since then without ever having experienced a single abeolute reverse. Greece has disappeared, Rome has disappeared, Portugal, Spain, and Holland have seen their vast colonial dominations fall to pieces, while Japan has remained standing. Its transformations and revolutions have shaken it at times but have never ruined it. China claims to be of greater antiquity, but successive dynasties have seized the executive power; it is dominated by foreigners from Mongolia, and

Over-Sea Notes

to-day it is breaking up everywhere. The duration of the Empire of Japan is a convincing proof of its vigour and the excellence of its essential constitution. But its aptitude for civilisation—a civilisation truly superior—is evident to those who give themselves the trouble to open their eyes." In that quality of the Japanese of combining strength with a due sense of measure, and in their silent, efficacious, and intelligent activity, M. Hanotaux perceives a lesson and a warning to all diplomats in whose minds a place is reserved for the future.—E. H. B.

The National Spirit in Italy

THE Dante Alighieri Society could hardly have selected a more appropriate place of meeting than it has this year in storied old Ravenna, for her proudest memory is not of Goth or Ostrogoth, of emperors, exarchs, popes or kings whose vicissitudes have swayed her life, but of the sad-faced, tender poet whose ashes rest within her walls. The object of the society, which numbers Italy's most elect minds, is the culture and promotion of the Italian language among her colonies and emigrants. Pasquale Villari, the great biographer of Savonarola, made the speech of the occasion, and while deplored the decline of Italian in Tripoli, Tunis and Egypt, where it was formerly the language of the mixed tribunals, he noted the fact that in the present Maltese elections not one of the candidates dared approve the restrictive regulations announced last year by the English Government, showing thereby the unanimity of the island for the language in use during more than a century. To promote this, the society has formed a committee in that island. But in Brazil there is no Italian school, and there is a great work to be done in elevating and instructing the emigrants to America, whose home allegiance being divided by church and state, all the more need to have their patriotism kept warm by the vivifying influence of the Dante Alighieri. In spite of the strides made by anarchism, the society has obtained good results among the workmen on the Simplon. The small patrimony of the society has increased from 10,000 francs to 14,000 francs, and the contributions of the committees from 19,000 to 26,000 francs. Villari bitterly deplored the contemptuous neglect of the national spirit and language by some of the country's representatives abroad, who should be the foremost ones to foster them, and concluded emphatically: "The policy of the Dante Alighieri should be

this alone: to firmly maintain and diffuse the sentiment and the language wherever Italian citizens live, and especially there, where our fathers cast the seed of a powerful influence—germs which gave birth in other times to luxuriant plants, cut down through our ineptitude by other hands."—M. A. T.

The Sting-Fish

ON the British coasts the sting-fish or weever is not very common, but in France, especially along the sandy shores of the Bay of Biscay, it often causes great inconvenience to bathers and fishermen. It is armed with spines, placed a little in front of the dorsal fin, and also near the organs of hearing, and these it erects at pleasure, or rather when it is displeased. The spine of the weever inflicts a wound, always trifling to the eye, but attended by symptoms more or less severe. The bather who has put his foot upon a sting-fish will remember the sensations that followed for the rest of his life. Not only is the pain very acute—far worse than that produced by the sting of a wasp,—but the effect upon the nervous system is often distressing. The person stung feels singularly restless and anxious. There may be chattering of the teeth and other convulsive movements, and these symptoms, together with a most unpleasant swelling, may last for hours. Although no poison-gland has been discovered in the sting-fish, the venomous nature of the wound that it inflicts has been placed by experience beyond all doubt. The virus must be very similar to snake poison, for the acute pain that it causes is quickly relieved by Calmette's serum. There are two species of weever, one attaining the length of about a foot, and the other being seldom more than three or four inches long. The latter is by far the more troublesome, on account of its habit of lying half buried in the sand where the water is shallow. Those, therefore, who walk into the sea with bare feet at Royan, Arcachon, Les Sables d'Olonne, and other bathing-places that might be mentioned, are always liable to a disagreeable surprise. The larger weever makes very good food, the flesh much resembling that of the gurnet, and it affords very good sport with the rod and line when a shoal can be struck; but those who fish for them must be very careful how they handle their victims. The fish is one of those that can live the longest out of water, which explains its French name, the *vive*. It cannot be legally offered for sale in France until the spines have been cut off.—E. H. B.



Science and Discovery

ERNEST NOBLE 1900



BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A Ruinous Water-weed

THE water hyacinth which has stopped the drainage, and prevented navigation in some of the streams in Florida and Louisiana, has made its appearance in New South Wales, and threatens to be just as destructive there. Warnings have been issued from time to time in the official "Agricultural Gazette" as to the danger of permitting the plant to become established in any of the northern streams, but in spite of this, the accompanying reproductions of photographs show that the plant is making headway. The first illustration shows Swan Creek (near Grafton) as it was a couple of years ago, with a few natural water-lilies but no hyacinth. The second figure depicts the same stream this year; and the thickness of the growth may be judged by the fact that the gentleman in the illustration is standing on a plank placed on the hyacinths twelve feet from the bank, with a depth of eleven feet of water under him. If the spread of the

plant is allowed to go on unchecked, it is manifest that, before many seasons have passed, the waters of the northern rivers in New South Wales will be absolutely closed to navigation.



CREEK NEAR GRAFTON, NEW SOUTH WALES, TWO YEARS AGO



THE SAME CREEK AT PRESENT TIME INFESTED WITH WATER HYACINTH

The Distance at which Cannon can be Heard

DURING the naval review at Cherbourg in July last, a number of large guns were fired, and on the following day accounts appeared in various English newspapers of supposed earthquake shocks felt at different places along the southern coast, from Torquay to Bognor. There is no doubt that the vibrations and rumbling sounds described were produced by the firing of the cannon, and this has led Dr. C. Davison to make an inquiry as to the distance to which

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such sounds can be conveyed. The sound of the firing of the French guns was heard at Brighton, which is 104 miles from Cherbourg, and windows were observed to rattle at a distance of 136 miles. In connection with this subject, Dr. Davison mentions that the firing during the battle of Camperdown, in 1797, was heard at Hull, the distance between the two places being more than 200 miles. During the American Civil War, the roar of the guns at the battles of Malvern Hill and Bull Run was perceptible at Lexington in Virginia, the distances being about 123 and 125 miles respectively. The great naval review at Spithead in 1897 was held in rough weather; but the noise of the guns is said to have been heard to a distance of 110 miles, though the charge at such times is very much less than in actual warfare. As to the distance to which the sound of a single gun will penetrate, it is recorded that the time-gun at Bombay is often heard at the northern Mahim, fifty miles away.

Vanishing England

THE extent to which the area of this country is being gradually diminished by the action of the sea is not often realised. Continual waste is going on all around the coast. On the Yorkshire coast it is estimated that two miles have disappeared since the Roman occupation; and more modern records show that towns and villages have disappeared with their houses and churches, and in some cases the whole parish has been washed away. Along the Norfolk coast the only record of several villages is, "washed away by the sea"; and on the Kentish coast churches and houses have fallen down the cliffs, on which are to be seen the bones formerly deposited in a vanishing churchyard. On the south coast, although the chalk cliffs at the east end of the English Channel are subject to continual falls and slips, care has been taken to protect them; but along the clay cliffs of Dorsetshire the waste is continuous, as much as twenty acres having slipped seawards in a single night at Axminster. On the west coast the nets of the fishermen are said to become occasionally entangled with the

ruins of houses and buildings buried in the sea some distance from the coast off Blackpool. To some extent this waste is compensated by the reclamation of land, but the area recovered is very small in comparison with that worn away by the ever-continuous operations of Nature.

The Temples of Mexican Indians

DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ, who lived for several years among the Huichol Indians of Mexico, has lately published an elaborate account of their customs and ceremonies. The Huichol tribe numbers to-day about four thousand souls, and its members live in a mountainous country, difficult of access, in the north-western part of the State of Jalisco, on a spur of the great Sierra Madre. In spite of the missionary work of the past, to-day there is no priest among them, the churches are in ruins, and the Huichols are living in the same state of barbarism as when Cortés first put foot on Mexican soil. They live mostly in circular houses, made from loose stones, or from stones and mud, and covered with thatched roofs. The temples of their gods are of similar shape, but much larger, and have their entrance towards sunrise. Outside each temple are small god-houses, rectangular or circular in shape, and covered with thatched, gabled roofs. The most important of the sacred spots in the Huichol country is shown in the accompanying picture. In the god-houses, as well as in sacred caves and springs and other consecrated localities, are placed ceremonial arrows, votive bowls, ceremonial chairs, and other symbolic objects. Sacrifices of all kinds are offered to the gods, but the principal offering is the deer. The moving principle in the



SMALL TEMPLE AND GOD-HOUSES OF THE HUICHL INDIANS, MEXICO

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religion of the Huichols is the desire to produce rain, and thus to successfully raise corn—their principal food. Water first, and water last, is the consideration in all their ceremonies, the centre of their thoughts. According to the Huichol myths, corn was once deer; and it is on account of this belief that they regard the deer as gods. The philosophy of life of these people is, says Dr. Lumholtz, summed up in the sentence, "To pray to Tatevali (the god of fire) and to put up snares for the deer,—that is to lead a perfect life."

Materials made from Peat

For the past twelve years Herr Zschörner, of Vienna, has been investigating the properties of peat, with a view to making use of it in industrial processes, and the results obtained are most astonishing. A building has been exhibited in which everything, from the carpets on the floor to the curtains on the windows and the paper on the walls, was made from peat. The fibres of the remains of the reeds and grasses of which peat is composed have of course had their original physical and chemical characters changed, but the fibrous structure remains intact, and the fibres themselves are very durable, elastic, and non-conductors of heat. Fabrics woven from them are found to have the toughness of linen with the warmth of wool. There is no textile fabric that cannot be woven from these fibres. Blankets and other coverings used for horses and cattle have been found in use to excel in warmth and cleanliness. Paper of several qualities has been made, and the uses to which peat fibre has already been applied indicates possibilities that may render the peat bogs of Ireland a valuable addition to the resources of that country.

The Transmission of Malaria by Mosquitoes

SINCE the announcement of the connection between malaria and mosquitoes was made in these notes, several investigations have been undertaken with a view of determining the exact nature of the relationship. Mosquitoes feed almost entirely at night; hence by providing a means of protection from their attacks at night-time it ought to be possible to avoid malaria even in a district where the disease is epidemic. To test this point, Drs. Samson and Low lived from May until the end of October in the Roman Campagna, in a place where scarcely a person spends a night without contracting malarial fever of a virulent type. From an hour before sunset to an hour after sunrise they remained in a mosquito-proof hut, and neither of them took the disease. The experiment affords evidence that malaria can be avoided by protecting the person from mosquito bites, but it does not prove that malaria is carried by these insects. This evidence has, however, been obtained. Mosquitoes which were known to have bitten malarial patients in Rome were taken to

London and permitted to bite the son of Dr. Patrick Manson, with the result that he took the disease a fortnight later. There is, therefore, no longer any room for doubt that the organism responsible for malaria is conveyed from one person to another by certain mosquitoes.

Gravity and Levity

If a sheet of iron is placed between a magnet and a compass needle, the action of the magnet is completely neutralised so far as the needle is concerned. In a similar way, if a compass needle is completely enclosed in a hollow box of soft iron, the earth's magnetism has no effect upon it, so it sets itself in any direction. Gravity is a force like magnetism, hence it is permissible to inquire whether any substance is capable of screening a body from the effect of gravitational attraction. If such a substance actually existed, then anything placed above a sheet of it would immediately lose its weight, for the attraction of the earth would be annulled. Experiments have been made by Messrs. Austin and Thwing to test whether it is possible to reduce the attraction of gravitation in the slightest degree by interposing screens of various kinds between neighbouring bodies. As the result of a long series of most delicate experiments, they were compelled to conclude that there was no evidence of a change of pull when the substance intervening between the attracting bodies was changed. It would have been surprising if any other conclusion had been reached, but even now it would be unwise to assert that no material will ever be found capable of partially screening a body from the downward pull of the earth.

Accepted Opinions and Results

In the opinion of Professor S. Newcomb, it is not likely that the sun will continue to give heat sufficient to support the present conditions upon the earth for much more than ten million years, if so long.

Insects form about four-fifths of the animal kingdom. There are about 250,000 species already named in museums, while the number of living and fossil species in all is estimated to be between one and two millions.

Fruit-growers in California now prevent damage from frost by forcing hot water through a number of furrows among their groves. The air is heated by the rising of the water vapour, and is thus prevented from cooling to the degree of frost.

When gunpowder is exploded in a closed vessel the explosion is noiseless, or nearly so. Gun-cotton or lyddite detonated in the same vessel give rise to an exceedingly sharp metallic ring, as if the vessel were struck a sharp blow with a steel hammer.

Science and Discovery

The total rainfall over a large part of the United Kingdom during the past ten years was from five to ten per cent. below the average for a decade. Little more than eight and a half years' rain fell over a large area across Central England in the ten years 1890-1899.

Exhaustive experiments on the preservation of eggs have been made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. The best results were obtained by placing eggs in a saturated solution of lime-water. Eggs which had been kept in lime-water for a period of fourteen months were found perfectly fresh at the end of the interval.

The deepest bore-hole in the world, at Paruschowitz, in Upper Silesia, has a depth of 6566 feet, and was bored with a diamond drill at an average rate of 16½ feet a day. The average rate of progress of a diamond drill per week is 150 to 200 feet in limestone, 100 to 150 feet in slate, 73 feet in granite, and 60 feet in chert or flint.

The greatest depth at which mining operations are carried on in Great Britain is 3500 feet—at the Pendleton Colliery, near Manchester. In the Lake Superior district this depth has been greatly exceeded, the Calumet and Hecla copper-mine having a depth of 4900 feet. At Mons, in Belgium, a colliery is being worked at a depth of nearly 4000 feet.

Mr. C. T. Whitmell calculates that the sun can never be totally eclipsed for a longer period than seven and a half minutes. At Greenwich the greatest duration of total eclipse is five minutes forty-two seconds. A total eclipse of the sun will be observed on May 17, 1901, and will last for six and a half minutes in some parts of Sumatra and Borneo.

Brewers are often troubled with fouling of the beer-barrels, due to the growth of a fungus which penetrates the wood to a considerable depth, so that ordinary methods of cleansing fail to remove it. This growth is now successfully removed by means of ozone, the method being to alternately subject the casks to the action of steam and ozone gas.

It is commonly believed that adders protect their young by swallowing them when startled. Most naturalists consider the feat an impossibility, but Mr. G. Leighton has just proved that there is no structural objection to it. Naturalists will not be convinced, however, until an adder which has been observed to swallow its young has been caught and dissected.

Authentic grains of corn from Egyptian mummy cases have never been made to grow, in spite of the belief to the contrary. Mons. E. Gain has now proved that the embryos of such seeds are completely altered, and are

entirely incapable of development. His observations dispose of the apocryphal statements that these seeds can germinate after thousands of years.

Major-General J. Waterhouse has recently proved that visible photographic images can be produced upon plain silver surfaces by the action of sunlight. The images are formed when pure silver foil or silvered glass are exposed to sunlight in glass tubes from which the air has been extracted, and are, apparently, more readily produced in the presence of moisture.

Rats are known to be connected with the spread of plague, but the exact relation between the two is not well understood. Dr. F. Tidswell has recently brought forward evidence that the infection is carried by the fleas natural to rats. This explains the fact that rats which have been killed by plague can be handled with impunity a few hours after death, when the fleas have left them.

If a one-pound weight is held in the hand and is gradually increased by adding weights an ounce at a time, no increase is felt until one-third of a pound has been added. In every case of this kind, whatever the weight to begin with, no difference is perceptible until it has been increased by one-third the amount. Sensation is thus not a very exact means of weighing.

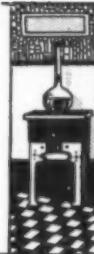
On the chalk hills in the south-east of England there are a number of ponds known as dew-ponds, which contain thousands of gallons of water even at the end of a dry season, when most of the ponds in the neighbouring valleys are empty. Why these ponds do not dry up, and whence they obtain their enormous supplies of water, are being investigated by several scientific men.

A ton weight dropped from a height of twenty feet will not break a good steel rail; but if the rail is nicked with a chisel to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch it will break when a weight of six hundredweight falls upon it from a height of only twelve feet. The loss of strength due to these minute scratches is believed to account to some extent for the occasional fracture of rails on lines.

All gases are known to consist of an immense number of minute particles or molecules in rapid motion. According to modern science, the molecules of carbonic acid gas—the effervescent gas in mineral waters—are so small that if every man, woman, and child in the world were to lay down a molecule of the gas so that all these molecules should lie in a straight line, and each should touch its neighbour, the row thus formed would be little more than a yard long.



Varieties



A new way of Blackening Boots

AN Irish paper tells that in Belfast a man was passing a shop when he noticed a sign in the window with the words, "Boots blacked inside." The man stared at the notice and exclaimed, "What in n' the world does folks want wi' the inside o' their boots blackened?"

Land-Owner v. Brain-Owner

BEETHOVEN's feeling of contempt for snobbery and pretence is very happily illustrated in his relations with his brother Johann. The latter had acquired property, and he sent Ludwig his card, inscribed "Johann von Beethoven, land-owner." The caustic reply was a card, on which was written "Ludwig von Beethoven, brain-owner."—Ferris : "The Great Composers."

Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and "Saul"

HANDEL wrote his "Israel in Egypt" in twenty-seven days. He was then (1739) fifty-five years old. In the same year he produced his oratorio of "Saul," of which the "Dead March" is still recognised as one of the great musical compositions of all time, being one of the few intensely solemn symphonies written in a major key.—Ferris : "The Great Composers."

The Portrait of a True Gentleman

THE following sketch, called "The Portrait of a True Gentleman," was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words, a Man and a Christian."

"Long Ago and Now."

Sir Edward Fry on Reading

SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the Library Association at Bristol, Sir Edward Fry referred to "the ever-increasing swarm of weekly and monthly periodicals, the vast production of idle and trifling volumes, the society papers, the bookstalls at the railway stations crowded with productions whose only merit is that they are destined to perish with the day.

"But below this merely idle literature," he added, "there is a vast and horrible depth; there is the seething mass of corrupt and corrupting productions which attract by their tendency to inflame the evil passions of men, and influence them not for good, but for evil, and draw them not upwards to the light, but downwards to the darkness. How rapidly and directly such literature tends to promote evil will be to some extent known to every one who has been concerned with the administration of justice in this country; and the evil is increased by the varied form in which the poison is presented.

"As the power of reading is becoming daily more and more widespread, as the access to books is becoming more and more easy, so there should be an ever-increasing sense of the responsibilities created by the opportunity. The primary burden of enforcing these duties must be with the parent and the schoolmaster; but in this good work the librarian also must, I conceive, have an important part."

Baden-Powell's Advice to Boys

MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL wrote some time ago from South Africa to the boys of Weston-by-Runcorn, where he had been elected patron of a "League of Health and Manliness" in connection with the parish church. The members of the league promise not to indulge in smoking until they are twenty-one at least. This resolution has the warm sympathy of the gallant defender of Mafeking, who is himself a non-smoker. Some of "B.-P.'s" words are well worth quoting. He says—

"Fellows are very often in doubt as to which of two courses may be the proper one to take, or are tempted to take one line because it is more pleasant or easy than the one which their conscience tells them is the right one. Well, if ever you are in such doubt, there is an easy way of deciding, and that is to ask your conscience 'Which is it my duty to do?' and that will nearly always guide you right. In this way you will soon find that it comes as a habit

Varieties

to do your duty to your leader, whether that be the choirmaster, the head of your department, employer, or officer, or the Queen. And remember always that in thus doing, conscientiously, your duty to your leader, you are also doing your duty to God. And also remember that, as you lads may often, without knowing it, perhaps, be imitating the examples of men before you, so also, unknown to you, there may be, and probably are, other boys watching you and imitating your example. So let your example to them be always a good one."

A Belated War Medal

We give here a picture of a war medal recently issued to the survivors of the soldiers and sailors who took part in the expedition against the Fenian Raid into Canada in 1866. Our photograph is of a medal given to J. Tutenberg,



who was an ordinary seaman on board H.M.S. *Niger*, engaged in patrolling the St. Lawrence and the lakes. He received it September 7, 1900.

The whole procedure indicates the dilatoriness too common in our State departments. By the time the order is given to grant the medal (January 1899) most of those who took part in the Fenian raid are already dead. The medals are ordered thirty years after the event. Thus we honour the men who are ready to shed their blood in defence of their country and its colonies!

Story-Telling

HERE is a suggestion for winter leisure relating chiefly to hours of twilight. Why not practice for the benefit of the young around us the art of story-telling? It is an art as well as any other; for we cannot speak correctly and fluently without care and painstaking; nor should we offer, even to children, nay, especially

to children, anything that is not good. If we note down, as they occur to us, the titles of any well-remembered, or even half-remembered tale, its details can be coherently worked out before we presume to relate it. There then is an object for the mental activity of grandmother while she knits, or of grandfather while he walks, or smokes his soothing pipe. Who would like to own that his thoughts at such times were "maistly nowt"? Even with the old they need not be "maistly" sad. Here is a bright use for them. Let us offer to the little ones of our best, as a treat; not so often as to dry up our well of imagination and memory; and not loaded with moral reflections. A good tale, if let alone, will come home of itself like the sheep of little Bo Peep, whether it be truth or fiction. We must not forget to make a frank distinction between the two; and when we mix them we should own the "blend."

M. C. DEUTSCHENDORFF.

A Child's Vocabulary

A GERMAN philologist writing in one of the ponderous magazines devoted to his science discusses the number of words in the vocabulary of an ordinary healthy boy, three years old, and the son of fairly educated parents. The philologist does not exactly state how he arrived at his conclusions, but we may take it that he has gone about his work in a systematic and scientific manner. According to this authority a boy of three years uses habitually 620 words. If he is especially bright and addicted to any particular pursuit the number may be 650; if he is somewhat dull the number may fall to 600. One hundred and thirty of these are verbs and thirty-nine are compound words, the remainder

belong to the other seven parts of speech. The verbs are an interesting collection, and parents of boys of this age might experiment on their children with the object of testing the German philologist's accuracy. The verbs are as follows:—to dry, work, watch, build, bite, bite off, pray, ask, blow, remain, bleed, use, bring, bend, brush, thank, cover, thunder, dare, eat, go, drive, fall, find, fly, engine, feel, feed, give, belong, fiddle, to play the flute, have, hang, strike, lift, raise, call, fetch, hear, comb, turn, ring, knock, nip, cook, boil, come, may, to make war, laugh, let, run, run away, lick, lay, to glue, read, lie down, make, open, shut, paint, can, must, sew, take, plant, pluck, pump, smoke, rain, pull up, tear up, ride, smell, name, say, shoot, sleep, beat, smear, cut, write, cry, spill, see, be, set, put, place, sing, sit, shall, dine, play, speak, spring, spit, sting, hide, stand, push, seek, dance, do, carry, step, drink, lose, wait, wash, weep, become, throw, wipe, will, count, show, draw,

M. A. M.

Astronomical Notes for December

ON the first day of this month the Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich at 7h. 45m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 52m. in the afternoon; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 57m. and sets at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st he rises at 8h. 5m. and sets at 3h. 51m. The winter solstice this year is on the 22nd, the Sun being vertical over the tropic of Capricorn at 7 o'clock in the morning of that day, which is therefore the shortest in the northern hemisphere and the longest in the southern. The Moon will become Full at 10h. 38m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 6th; enter her Last Quarter at 10h. 40m. on the night of the 13th; become New at 1 minute past midnight on the 21st; and enter her First Quarter at 1h. 48m. on the morning of the 29th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd; in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th; and in perigee again about 4 o'clock on that of the 30th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury is at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 8th, and will be visible in the

morning during the first half of the month moving from the constellation Libra into Scorpio. Venus also travels during the month from Libra to Scorpio, but at a considerable distance to the west of Mercury, so that she rises at the middle of the month about an hour before him; on the 19th she will be in conjunction with the Moon, then horned and within two days of being New. Mars is increasing in brightness; he rises now about half-past 10 o'clock in the evening, situated in the eastern part of the constellation Capricornus, and will be near the Moon on the 12th. Jupiter is in conjunction with the Sun on the 14th, and Saturn on the 29th, so that neither of these planets will be visible this month.

In closing our astronomical notes for this year (the last of the nineteenth century), it may be of interest to call attention to the remarkable eclipse of the Sun which will take place on the 17th of May next year. The totality will last in Sumatra and Borneo for six and a half minutes, within about a minute of the longest possible duration of a total eclipse of the Sun. No part of this eclipse will be visible in Europe or America; it will be partial over the whole of Australia, on the eastern coast of which the Sun will set eclipsed.—W. T. LYNN.



The Dignity of Labour

THERE are three classes of female workers: 1st, those who grow up to labour as to their birthright—or birthwrong—being children of miners, of factory operatives, of field labourers, of fisher folk, or of other soldiers in the armies of industry; these inherit the family occupations with the family name, expect nothing else and hardly know to desire anything else; 2nd, those who are trained to some apartness from the family experiences, whose education has been costly in view of the family fortune, and who evolve a little sub-conscious sense of superiority as the result; 3rd, they who have suddenly fallen on the necessity of bread-winning, and are at some pains to inform all and sundry that they were born to better things. Of these three classes the first alone faces the necessity of labour without emotion. There it is, like the nose on one's face, a very plain feature perhaps, but not to be resented or argued away. They

may treat it with respect or with indignity, but it persists all the same.

Members of the second class expect to be noticed and admired, they have done something original, something that presupposes force of character, they anticipate that their presence, wherever they go, shall create some sensation, that people will whisper to each other when they enter a room, "She is clever, means to teach, or paint, or write, or is going to learn millinery at Lady Lovebond's West End Emporium. What enterprising days we live in now, to be sure!" while the third class continues to hope against hope that some fortunate circumstance will arise to deliver them from the necessity of doing that which is good only under fitting conditions, and which, accompanied by one of several not unusual deprivations, is absolutely detestable.

To see the true dignity of labour it is necessary to disabuse our minds of the error that by doing work we endear ourselves to the community,

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

that outside our own little circle the fact that we are self-supporting will make anybody think better of us. The very reverse is the case. It may require much effort and much ability to make any of us a teacher of anything, a producer of anything worth paying for, but the fact of requiring to take payment for exercising the talent will militate against its value even with the most intelligent. Among workers like ourselves we shall in time earn recognition of our skill, but to the world in general our special excellence will make us aliens. That is why most parents prefer their daughters to be idlers while they are still young and "have their chances," have not yet exhausted the possibilities of the lucky-bag of life. There is no use in their labelling themselves until it is seen whether or not they will marry. This explains why the ranks of class No. 3 are so large.

There are three things that make work so excellent that its producer is ennobled and fortified against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. First, the utility of the work; second, that the doer shall produce it excellently; third, that it shall be practised under conditions that do not degrade the worker.

What are the things supremely worth doing? First, the production and circulation of what is useful and good for men, as that which the race eats or wears, or dwells under. This includes all agriculturists, all traders in utilities honestly acquired and adequately paid for, all handicraftsmen and mechanics. Second, the teaching of what is true and helpful to the individual and the community. This includes all preachers of truth and sanity, all educators who are strengthening the young to meet life's temptations and conquer its difficulties, all writers who state the things that ought to be said, and who hold trifling with the pen to be a far more serious matter than even trifling with the tongue, for whose every idle word there will one day be a reckoning. Third, all who give permanence to what is beautiful, all painters whose pictures are an inspiration towards the high, the heroic, the holy; all poets who keep alive the record of gallant deeds and induce their emulation, all philosophers who, thinking clearly and justly themselves, can induce others to do the same.

Unless we respect our work we shall never be able to perform it with gladness. The practice is only too prevalent of keeping in chambers apart our beliefs and our achievements, of saying, "Think what I may, I must produce what is saleable." But much that is saleable is also very good every way, while the work for which the producer has to make excuses to her neighbours or to her own consciousness should not be done at all. A famous author said to a famous critic, deprecating the badness of his own work, "One must live," to which the famous critic thoughtfully answered, "Is that necessary?" Without emulating the severity of this response, it may justifiably be urged that all elevating work does not presuppose death by starvation. It may involve frugal living, but this in itself is very

good for the Soul. We may have to give up our first choice because it will not afford a crust of bread, and hunger militates against courage and against self-respect, but bread is not the only essential of happy life, and a little bread with contentment will suffice. It is quite true that the very best we can do will never be adequately recompensed, if indeed it is recompensed at all, except with the scourge and the stake, but it is the unpaid work that is the truest evidence of what we are, and somehow the idea is inevitable that it is that which we do *con amore*, not being tempted by hope of reward, or fear of punishment, that will matter when our hands cease from gathering gear, and plaudits and censure alike fall on deaf ears.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. A. C.—I do not know of any millinery establishment conducted by the lady you mention. Her shop is for the sale of embroideries and knitting, produced by villagers who work in their own homes, and is part of an effort to revive the happy and profitable cottage industries that once rendered rural life so much more interesting and remunerative than it tends to be to-day.

Brenda.—Two of the most successful photographers in London are ladies, and furthermore they receive first-class prices for their work. Two or three years' training under a good operator would be necessary to render a woman a first-class photographic artist, and that alone would not suffice without artistic taste and some knowledge of artistic principles. As a rule women are not employed to take photographs in studios belonging to men, though they find employment easily enough for touching up negatives and mounting the prints.

E. E.—Many people accept Tolstoy's tenets and would put them into practice, if their neighbours would do the same, but are not prepared to individually accept all that is involved in renouncing the gains and ambitions and profits of the world. In justice to those who cannot reach the standard of self-abnegation which Count Tolstoy has attained, it must be borne in mind that the successful ambitions of his progenitors gave him the platform of social eminence from which his message comes with such influence. I am aware that the Greek Church has recently excommunicated him. But excommunication has not the terrors to-day that accompanied it in an earlier age, and even if it had I do not think Tolstoy would be afraid.

I. B.—Apply to Income Tax Department, Somerset House, London, W.C.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



CHRISTMAS EVE



Our Chess Page

Competitions. Substantial Prizes

The Problem Competition announced last month is still open.

Twelve Guineas are offered in prizes under conditions which will be found on page 87 of the November part.

The last day for receiving problems from Home competitors is January 7, 1901.

Brilliant Games. We offer a prize of One Guinea for winner of the most brilliant amateur match game (unpublished) played in the United Kingdom any time between December 1, 1900, and February 9, 1901.

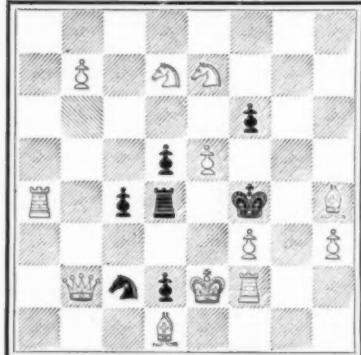
Every game submitted must be accompanied by full particulars of the match in which it was played.

If more than six games are sent in, a second prize of Half-a-Guinea will be awarded.

An unpublished problem

By W. H. GUNDY.

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—12 MEN

White to play, and mate in two moves

SOLVING COMPETITION AWARD

Owing to the unsoundness of some of the problems this competition was not so popular as it might have been. But a large number of expert solvers entered, and the solutions which carry off the first prizes were all but perfect in their exhaustiveness and arrangement.

Unfortunately Problem 14 had a solution which escaped the notice of the composer and judge, viz. Q—Kt sq. (ch.) or Q—B sq. (ch.), followed by 2, B—Kt 5.

Extra marks were awarded for the discovery of "cooks," and competitors who "solved" Problem 4 (*Lula*), or who failed to solve any one of the others, will not find their names in the prize list.

First Prizes, Twenty-five Shillings each. G. HEATHCOTE, Withington; A. WATSON, Crawthorne; Rev. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Worthing.

Second Prize, One Pound. WILLIAM MEARS, Torquay.

Third Prizes, Fifteen Shillings each. H. BALSON, Derby; J. M. CREBBIN, Liverpool; CHARLES P. FUCHS, Regent's Park; J. E. PARRY, Shrewsbury.

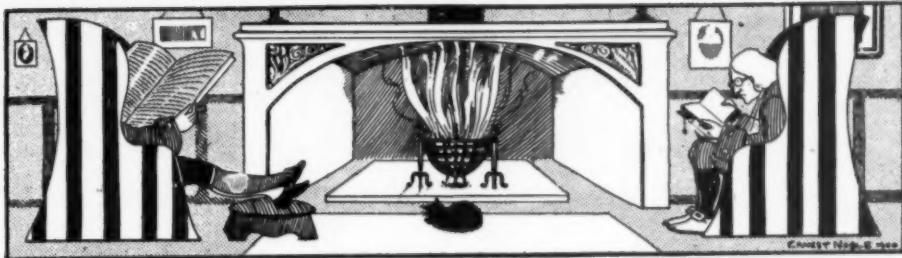
Fourth Prizes, Eight Shillings each. J. BATHO, Liverpool; W. J. CROSBY, Liverpool; W. H. GUNDY, Exeter; ARTHUR JAS. HEAD, Paddington; G. JAGO, Manchester; J. F. MOON, London, N.; J. D. TUCKER, Ilkley.

Names of the best of the non-prize-winners will be published next month in order of merit.

The "British Chess Magazine" for October accused us, apparently on the authority of Mr. Clutsam, of printing that gentleman's problem incorrectly. It is not at all difficult to perpetrate such a mistake, but in this case it was Mr. Clutsam's own diagram that was at fault, he frankly acknowledged to us some time in August.

The "Hampstead and Highgate Express" announces a fourth tourney for two-move problems to commence early in January next. Not more than two entries from any competitor, with full solution and motto, will be received. The prizes will be One Guinea and some books, as heretofore. Further particulars will be published in December.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.



The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

PRIZE QUOTATIONS (CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS)

On Christmas Mirth

1. "In contemplation passing all his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him
merry."—*Devereux, Earl of Essex.*
2. "Knowest thou the excellent joys of youth?
Joys of the dear companions and of the
merry word and laughing face?"—*Whitman.*
3. "Lively cheer, of vigour born."—*Gray.*
4. "A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."—*Shakespeare.*
5. "Heart-easing Mirth . . .
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*
6. "God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."—*Old Carol.*

FIVE SHILLINGS awarded each month for the happiest quotation. The next subject is "The Fireside." Quotations to be sent in, on postcards only, not later than 15th December.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS—Prize of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe may send quotations so as to reach this office not later than 15th March.

Quick Transformations.

We suggest to those who are fond of pencil and paper games, the following as an amusement for winter evenings. Take any two words, contrasting in sense, but alike in the number of letters they contain, and transform one into the other as quickly as may be. Only one letter may be altered in each change—and each change must be into a recognised word. *Heat* may be transformed into *cold*, and *love* into *hate*, thus:—

Heat,	Love,
head,	lave,
held,	late,
hold,	Hate.
Cold.	

All transformations, however, are not made so directly and easily. Five intermediate words are needed to change boat into ship, and six to turn rain into snow; while, of course, the longer the given words are, the more difficult is the process of transformation.

We offer two prizes, of Five Shillings and Half-a-crown respectively, to the competitors who send us in the quickest and most ingenious transformations. Any choice of words may be made, but no competitor is to send in more than five transformations, very clearly written, with the steps in each case distinctly numbered. Send by 15th December.

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

TWO GUINEAS offered in prizes to successful solvers of this series (appearing monthly, November till March). Prizes of the same value for Colonial Competitors. The following acrostic must be answered by the 15th day of this month.

Second of Five

1. "For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the . . . 's black legs to
white."
2. "Were she other than as she is, she were . . . ;
And being no other but as she is, I do not
like her."
3. "O . . .
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost
sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day
That scalds with safety."
4. "Have I not here the best cards for the game
To win this easy . . . ?"
5. "And now about the cauldron sing
Like . . . and fairies in a ring."
6. "I would cure you if you would call me . . ."

WHOLE

"Men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the . . ."

Find omitted words, and give act and scene of each quotation.

NOTE.—Every "Acrostic" answer must be accompanied by the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Ticket: see Contents page of advertisements. All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's name and address, and must be received by the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to March 15.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

The Following Competitions Are Still Open:

ART

4. THE BEST COPY, IN WATER-COLOURS OR OILS, OF OUR NOVEMBER FRONTISPICE, EN-LARGED TO AT LEAST TWICE ITS PRESENT SIZE.

First Prize, Three Guineas; Second Prize, Two Guineas.

MUSIC

5. A Prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best tune for the hymn—

"O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed."

NEEDLEWORK

6. (A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

First Prize, Two Guineas; Second Prize, One Guinea.

(B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

First Prize, One Guinea; Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea.

(C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.

First Prize, Half-a-Guinea; Second Prize, Five Shillings.

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor. In no case will any article be returned, whether stamps are sent or not. The articles distributed last year were much appreciated by many poor and suffering people.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

12. A Prize of Five Shillings for the best original saying of a child under six, sent by father or mother.

The age of child must be stated.

RULES

1. Our readers may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one competitor. Prize-winners of last twelve months ineligible in the same department this year.

2. Every competitor, except those in the Post-card Competitions, must *cut out the Eisteddfod Ticket* given off the Contents page of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing his or her competition.

3. A separate Ticket will be required for each competition. No other matter must on any account be included.

4. Essays must be written on foolscap paper, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

5. For the Art, Needlework and Music Competitions the latest date is December 17, 1900; for Sayings of Children, January 16, 1901.

6. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

7. No Essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.

COMPETITION 21. RESULT

Best Synopsis of MR. LOUIS BECKE'S Story "Tom Wallis."

Prize of One Guinea:

FRANCIS ADAM GARDEN, 18 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.

Two Prizes of Half-a-Guinea:

HON. ALBINIA BRODRICK, Peper Harrow, Godalming; S. E. BECK, 7 Hawarden Avenue, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Four Prizes of Five Shillings:

JANET M. PUGH, Bronclydwr, Towyn, Merionethshire; FLORENCE BENTON, School Lane, Swavesey, Cambridgeshire; J. D. TUCKER, 2 Yewbank Terrace, Ilkley, Yorkshire; G. E. MOFFAT, 4 Great King Street, Edinburgh.

Five Prizes of Half-a-Crown:

W. E. BROWN, 26 St. Leonard's Road, Horsham; R. V. BALLARD, 28 St. Aubyn's, Hove, Brighton; ANNIE PARK PEARSON, Stafford House, Halifax, Yorkshire; MISS GRACE ELWIN, Buckenham Rectory, Norwich; WALTER DEWSE, 2 Shamrock Villas, Casterton Road, Stamford.